NRA WE DO OUR PART

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AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS of non-recognition it is curiously moving to see the beginnings of a rapprochement between "these great peoples," as President Roosevelt calls them, "two great republics," as President Kalinin calls them—Russia and the United States. The largest, most energetic, and most hopeful nations of the West and of the East—how natural that they should be diplomatic friends, exchange ambassadors, and carry on trade of vast benefit to both. It is interesting to note, in the press comment on President Roosevelt's letter to the head of the Soviet state, that the old arguments about the wicked Bolshevik have melted away. The chorus of agreement is almost unanimous; the Czarist debts, which were at one time such a stumbling-block to recognition, are barely mentioned. Mr. Duranty of the New York *Times* mentions them, but only to point out that were Russia to present counter-claims for American intervention on Russian territory, the much-mooted unpaid debts of the Czar's and the Kerensky governments would be met many times over. The New York *Herald Tribune* points out manfully that Russia's private morals need not engage us; all we need is assurances that the Third International will not camp on our front doorstep. These assurances Russia may be presumed to be prepared to give. In short, the Bolshevik has come out from behind those whiskers and appears to look about like anybody else, with the important exception that he holds in his hands large contracts for the purchase of American goods. It should be remembered, however, that successful trade works both ways; we must be prepared to import Russian goods as well as to sell our goods to Russia. In the first eight months of 1933 imports from Russia almost exactly balanced exports to that country. This balance must be maintained for the full advantage of Russian recognition to be felt.

THERE ARE MANY AMBIGUITIES in the new monetary policy announced in the radio address of the President, but in so far as the statement is clear it is also extremely disheartening. It means that the value of the nation's currency is to remain uncertain. In September the equivalent of an open market was wisely established for gold, and the Treasury acted as agent for the purchase and sale of the metal, changing its prices each day strictly in accordance with fluctuations in the world price of gold—or rather, with changes in the gold value of the paper dollar—as reflected in prices in the London gold market. This policy is now to be changed. For some strange reason the purchase and sale of gold are to be transferred to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and the price at which gold is bought is to be determined not by world-market conditions but by the decision of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Roosevelt feels confident that this procedure will control the domestic and international value of the dollar. Actually what happens will depend upon the relation of the prices officially adopted to the conditions prevailing at the time. If the official price at which gold is bought is put above the world-market price of gold, naturally American miners will sell the R. F. C. all the gold they have; but this may affect the price of gold without affecting, except in an indirect and uncertain way, the value of the paper dollar.

THAT DOLLAR could be kept at a fixed relationship to any given price of gold only if the American government or the Federal Reserve System stood ready to buy all gold, old as well as new, and foreign as well as domestic, at a fixed price, and if it stood ready also to *sell* gold at the same figure to anybody on demand, and to any amount demanded. But if that were done, then the Federal Reserve System might be drained of every last piece of gold in its vaults, for if the idea were widely held that the price of gold might be raised—that is, that the value of the paper dollar might be lowered—tomorrow or next month, then everyone would rush to get gold immediately. Only a fixed and assured and permanent new gold value for the dollar could prevent these raids and this constant atmosphere of misgiving and uncertainty. President Roosevelt remarked in his radio speech: "Some people are putting the cart before the horse. They want a permanent revaluation of the dollar first. It is the

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government's policy to restore the price level first." No progress can be made until it is understood that it is precisely the President who is putting the cart before the horse in this matter. Depreciation of the currency always raises the price level, but because of the uncertainty and the lack of confidence it involves, it never raises the price level in any proportion corresponding to the depreciation. This has been amply proved in the last few years not merely by our own experience but by that of Great Britain and Japan. We should have to have an appalling depreciation to get back to the price levels of 1926. The great need is a permanent revaluation, preferably in agreement with England, at the earliest possible moment, and a return to free and full gold convertibility.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is likely to find himself in a none too pleasant political predicament when the ballots of the New York City election are counted on November 7. The McKee candidacy, despite its ample finances, is slumping with the increasing realization by the electorate that the "Recovery Party" represents merely a Tammany faction seeking control of the machine, and that Mr. McKee's own record, apart from his fictitiously flamboyant thirty days as Acting Mayor, is that of a subservient Tiger henchman. Through the activities of "Jim" Farley the President is to a degree committed in the public view to giving aid and comfort to a movement which at its inception seemed likely to defeat the voters' first opportunity in twenty years to instal a decent administration in New York City. That was bad enough in itself, and has already somewhat impaired the President's standing with the progressive following throughout the nation which hitherto had been enthusiastically loyal to him. But suppose on top of that Mr. McKee is defeated—which day by day grows increasingly likely. Where will that leave Mr. Roosevelt? It is true that he made a perfunctory utterance of neutrality early in the campaign. But Mr. Farley's unceasing activities, the inexcusable permission to Harry M. Durning, the newly appointed Collector of the Port of New York, to act as McKee's campaign manager, are manifest violations of the Administration's neutrality. Moreover, Mr. McKee, as his prospects darken, begins to lean more and more heavily on the alleged Roosevelt support, proclaiming it by inference in interviews and speeches.

THE INJECTION of Mr. McKee into the campaign, in so far as it had the connivance of the White House, displayed a tragic misunderstanding of the sources and values from which Mr. Roosevelt has, both before and since election, derived his most valuable support, and on which he must count for the success of his whole program. Not only was Mr. LaGuardia an outstanding progressive of national repute, holding, as Paul Y. Anderson points out elsewhere in this issue, a position in the House of Representatives matched only by that of Norris in the Senate, but his following is truly a fusion—a popular revolt against Tammany misrule in which party, in the conventional sense, plays and should play but a small role. Mr. LaGuardia with characteristic courage seized the first essentially Republican rally as the occasion to declare his complete independence of party and partisan commitments. The Republican machine bitterly opposed Mr. LaGuardia's nomination. So did Ogden Mills. That he and other leading Republicans are supporting the fusion ticket furnishes no evidence that they view the issue otherwise than in terms of the city's obvious needs. But if a partisan interpretation has been advanced by the McKee strategists, Mr. Roosevelt has only himself and his man Farley to blame. It is happily not too late to rectify this error. A public statement making unmistakably clear that the White House is in no sense favoring the Flynn faction of Tammany and its candidate, Mr. McKee, would enable the President to escape the unfortunate consequences in which the supposedly astute Mr. Farley has entangled his chief.

JUST as in New York City, a combination of political and economic circumstances this year gives Philadelphia's citizenry an opportunity, for the first time in many years, to throw off the yoke of machine rule. "Boss Bill" Vare and his Republican organization, until now probably the strongest of its kind in the country, face the gravest crisis in their history. A strong, sincere, and honest minority, something virtually unknown in the sedate citadel of Republicanism, has brought about the near-miracle. On the tidal wave of Democratic sentiment that Roosevelt created in the last election, an independent Democratic bloc, openly backed by Postmaster-General Farley, has turned out the Vare-controlled clique that previously represented the Democratic Party, and taken charge. In addition, reinforcements from progressives led by Governor Gifford Pinchot and an insurgent Republican group called the Town Meeting Party, which threatens seriously to split the machine vote, have lent aid to the forces of revolt which threaten to destroy the Vare supremacy. In the primary election in September the combined vote of the independent Democrats and the rebellious Republicans was larger than the Vare total, a truly strange situation in Philadelphia. The election of November 7 is in itself unimportant, because it is concerned only with four municipal offices and a hand-picked judiciary, but it may indicate a trend of consequence. Not only is the opposition confident in its new-found power but, what is more significant, Vare himself realizes that at last the worm has turned. "I can't believe it. I can't believe it," he muttered, after the primary. In the face of the present circumstances, what he will say on the morning of November 8 should not be hard to imagine.

THE FARM STRIKE, which was called off in May in order to allow time for the Administration to show what it could do for the farmer, has now been declared by Milo Reno, president of the Farm Holiday Association. How widely supported it will be is not predictable, but the demand for cost of production for their produce is one that most farmers can agree on. The disparity between farm prices and the figures set down in the Holiday Association's chart of the cost of production is even greater than it was four months ago, and the association has now announced publicly its lack of faith in the Administration's program of relief. Farm leaders feel that the crop-reducing provisions of the farm-relief act are impossible of enforcement, and that they will only result in the setting up of a huge bureaucracy and the spending of millions of dollars which might better be applied to a direct government guaranty of cost of production. To the question whether such a guaranty would not also be difficult and expensive to administer, they reply that if President Roosevelt can decree that industry shall

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have cost of production plus a profit he should be able to guarantee the farmer at least the first. As for the mortgage-refinancing provisions of the farm act, the Holiday Association considers the interest rate, 4 per cent, far too high to afford any real relief. The farm mortgage is, of course, the heart of the problem. Until some way is devised by which the farmer can pay interest on 1919 mortgages out of 1933 prices, his discontent will continue and deepen. He is determined not to give up his land. The strike and the demand for inflation are his immediate defensive weapons.

MARYLAND'S EASTERN SHORE has been indulging again in a nasty lynching with all the trimmings—beating down the jail doors with battering rams, dragging the Negro victim through the town with a rope around his neck, hanging him, burning his body, and cutting up the rope for souvenirs. The Negro, George Armwood, accused of having attacked a white woman seventy-one years old, was first taken to Baltimore and then returned to the county jail at Princess Anne. Although violence was anticipated by a good many persons, and the Negro was scheduled to remain a week in jail before being tried, the presiding judge and the State's attorney both assured Governor Ritchie that no alarm need be felt for him, and the Governor was willing to take their word for it. During the fracas at the jail not a shot was fired. The mob is said to have informed the police officers that it was armed but would not fire unless the police fired first, and the police politely refrained. As a result only one Negro died and eleven policemen were battered up a bit. No member of the mob received any injury. Governor Ritchie blames the judge and the State's attorney for not telling him that there might be trouble; a number of Marylanders blame the Governor because he took the word of the local officials; the revered and noble people of the Eastern Shore who made up the lynching mob were inclined to blame the whole matter on the fact that another Negro, Euel Lee, accused of the murder of four persons, had remained for months in jail. There have been twenty-one lynchings in America so far this year, as compared with ten for the whole of last year.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is the country's largest news-gathering service and ought to be its most impartial one. It is unfortunate, therefore, that it should be accused of a bias against labor organization and unfriendliness toward the purposes of the NRA, under the provisions of which a recognized place has been granted to labor organization in the recovery program. Yet at this year's convention of the American Federation of Labor a resolution was adopted instructing the executive council of the A. F. of L. to take steps to obtain for the telegraph operators of the Associated Press the right to organize under the NRA. The convention was told by a representative of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union that the United Press, the International News Service, and the Universal Service—the other chief news-gathering organizations of the country—have had union-shop relations with the telegraphers for years, but the Associated Press maintains an "attitude of aloofness from the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act and actual hostility toward organized labor with respect to its own employees." No code has yet been filed for news-gathering services, owing, it is said, to the refusal of the Associated Press to participate. Arthur Markel, deputy international president of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union, writes to *The Nation:*

> When we started an organizing campaign among Associated Press operators some months ago we received reports of attempted intimidation of men desiring to affiliate with our organization. Both Mr. Noyes [the president] and Mr. Kent Cooper, general mangager of the Associated Press, have refused to answer the specific question of whether or not the Associated Press officially countenances such terrorization of its employees.

THE AWARD of the Nobel Prize for Medicine to Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan is doubly gratifying to Americans in view of the fact that its propriety cannot possibly be questioned. The layman may know him only as the man who made the fruit fly, *Drosophila,* famous, but there is probably no living biologist whose contributions to science are more important than those which Professor Morgan has made to our knowledge of the mechanism of heredity. Thanks to his work, it is now not only definitely established that the genes carry the factors which determine the constitution of the offspring of any mating, but it is possible, in the case of *Drosophila,* at least, to draw a map showing the position of the particular genes responsible for the presence or absence of a given trait. If the problem of eugenics is ever solved, it will be solved on the basis of the investigations to which he has contributed so largely, which have had already the negative result of demonstrating the folly of any of the simple-minded procedures advocated by fanatics. Professor Morgan, now sixty-seven years old, was for many years professor of experimental zoology at Columbia University, but since 1928 he has been in charge of one of the laboratories at the California Institute of Technology.

IN HIS COMMENTS upon the provisions of the proposed motion-picture code Will H. Hays characteristically laid his emphasis upon the moral rather than upon the economic responsibility of the producers. Meanwhile, and under his auspices, Mae West is rapidly eclipsing the popularity of all other stars of the past or present. According to our energetic contemporary, *Variety,* papers from all parts of the country are clamoring for publicity material, and exactly 185 interviews with her have been published since April. In addition, *Liberty* has ordered a six-part serial story of her life, 1,200 newspapers have signed up for another serial biography of the same heroine, and *True Confessions* will publish a third. At the same time the Macaulay publishing house is having the finishing touches put to her new volume, "How to Misbehave"; *Cosmopolitan* is dickering for a novelette; and articles have either already appeared or are scheduled to appear in *Vanity Fair, Harper's Bazaar, Time,* and the *American Mercury.* Her last film is said to have earned about $3,000,000 gross, and we note from the trade-paper advertisements of the new one that Miss West is offering prizes to the exhibitor who puts on the best advertising campaign and to the one who plays the film the greatest number of times. One prize is "a personally conducted 'Come up and see me sometime' trip to Hollywood"; the other is "a diamond-studded watch with an intimate inscription in the back; it's got to be good for a man like that."

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The Future of the NRA

THE national-recovery machine, which the NRA has spent four months in putting together, is now about completed. There remains only the task of making it work. And this task the NRA must undertake with business entering another slump, with public support of the Roosevelt program noticeably dwindling, and with the farmers in open revolt.

Last June, when the recovery bill was signed, President Roosevelt expressed the hope that "the ten major industries which control the bulk of industrial employment can submit their simple basic codes at once and that the country can look forward to the month of July as the beginning of our great national movement back to work." Instead, it has taken months to get these industries under codes. The financial panic of last spring frightened big business, but not enough to induce the industrialists to mend their ways. They sought to block the NRA at almost every turn. This was especially true of the coal and steel industries, the codes for which have only within the last week or so been adopted.

The recovery machine thus erected is far from perfect. No one realizes this better than General Hugh S. Johnson and Donald R. Richberg, the key officials of the NRA. They have not only had to face the stout opposition of the industrialists, but they have had constantly to work against time. If they had insisted upon detailed perfection and complete equity in every code, they would probably have little or nothing to show for their efforts of the last four months.

Hence, apart from the job of drawing up codes for numerous minor industries which were purposely left until last, the NRA is now entering the second stage of its activities. It must perfect the codes already adopted and devise ways and means of enforcing them. Why the problem of enforcement was put off until now is something of a mystery. At the NRA offices it is said that its officials have been under such pressure to get codes drawn up that they have simply had no time to give to the enforcement problem. On the other hand, Department of Labor officials as long ago as last August submitted a plan of enforcement which, so far as can be learned, received no consideration from the NRA. This plan would utilize the State labor departments and inspection services, and perhaps also the trade unions, as enforcement agencies. Most States have labor departments that are equipped to undertake this work. In addition, if thus brought into the picture the States would share with the federal government the responsibility for the success of the recovery program, which is something the Roosevelt Administration ought to desire, for it would tend to strengthen and broaden the support its program so sorely needs. However, the enforcement problem has been left virtually untouched. In consequence, as the hundreds of thousands of complaints pouring into national and local headquarters of the NRA would indicate, many abuses have grown up, and these may be difficult to correct or eradicate at this late date. Nor does it appear likely that the type of enforcement agencies, the so-called local compliance boards, which the NRA is now setting up will suffice to stop these abuses. For the most part these compliance boards are made up not of disinterested parties but of local business men. The district labor boards being created to cope with disputes under Section 7a of the recovery laws are perhaps better equipped, but even they, since they are so few in number, cannot possibly hope to deal with all the violations of Section 7a that have been reported to date.

Enforcement, however, is not the only problem before the NRA. One of its chief objectives is the expansion of purchasing power. This it has so far failed to attain, though admittedly not entirely through its own fault. The labor provisions of the various codes have established minimum-wage limits but they have also reduced the number of working hours. Thus, though the wage rates in the lower grades may have been increased, many workers are actually receiving less pay because they are working fewer hours. Secondly, employment has not greatly increased as a result of the recovery program. The latest estimate of the American Federation of Labor shows that there has been a gain of 3,600,000 employed workers since the low point of March. This leaves nearly 10,000,000 jobless if we accept the A. F. of L. estimate for March, which showed 13,000,000 unemployed, or 14,000,000 if we take the figures of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, which asserted that 17,000,000 persons were without work last winter. In this connection, it is worth noting that the President's figures on unemployment in his radio speech were extremely loose. He accepted the figure of 14,000,000 unemployed, dismissed 4,000,000 as unemployable, and added 400,000 to the A. F. of L. figures for a grand total of 40 per cent back at work. Thirdly, production costs and prices have gone up. Whether this has resulted from the operation of the NRA or is a product of a "natural" economic recovery is not clear. Yet it is certain that the rise in prices has more than offset the small gain in purchasing power resulting from the increase in employment. The NRA is not anxious to plunge headlong into a price-fixing venture, although some of its officials are convinced that there is no other way of conserving the purchasing power that has been or can be built up as a result of the codes. True, most of these codes in themselves provide for disguised price-fixing, but in virtually every case prices have been revised upward, not downward. Fourthly, the farmers of the country make up the largest single class of buyers, and it is evident by now that neither the NRA nor the Agricultural Adjustment Administration has been able to help them. Here there has been a singular and inexplicable lack of coordination between two government recovery agencies, the more inexplicable because officials of both agencies understand that until the farmers' purchasing power is restored there can be no sound economic recovery. Fifthly, the unstable dollar, as NRA executives privately acknowledge, is now perhaps the chief obstacle to a revival of business activity and purchasing power. The fluctuating dollar and repeated hints from official quarters of the inflation to come prompted not only large corporations but individual consumers to lay in supplies before prices went up. While this contributed to the industrial boom that ran from May until August, it has now resulted in a marked contraction in buying just when buying is needed.

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America, the Allies, and Hitler

HITLER has put the Allied nations in a serious hole. Of this there can be no doubt whatever, just as there can be no question that their present plight is of their own creation. So is Hitler himself. Had the victors in the World War, including, of course, the United States, lived up to their solemn pledges, had they disarmed sincerely and effectively, there would have been no Hitler and no such impasse as exists today. They have even no right to assert that they were taken by surprise. Months ago Hitler and his lieutenants warned Geneva that if there was not prompt disarmament Germany would withdraw, just as prior to his becoming Chancellor he outlined in complete detail the monstrous and criminal anti-Jewish policy which he subsequently carried out. With three-quarters of his speech explanatory of his Geneva action we are in entire accord, for it states the facts as to the post bellum conduct of the victors.

No reference to the sins of omission and commission can help us now and no crying, "We told you so," as *The Nation* is entitled to say. The only questions are how shall the victors extricate themselves from their position, how shall another war be prevented, and how shall the menace of Hitler—whose domestic prestige has again been greatly enhanced—be met. Well, if the leaders of nations could behave like ordinary, normal, and sensible people the course would be clear, however difficult. They would call an assembly for the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, to which the representatives of Germany would be asked on equal terms; they would promptly agree on far-reaching progressive disarmament on land and sea and in the air; and they would then proceed to rally against Hitler the united public opinion of the world and, if necessary, apply economic sanctions—*after* they had made good their plighted word and done justice to Germany.

Obviously, however correct this course, it would be a bitter one for England, France, Belgium, and Italy to follow. Its first effect would be further to improve Hitler's position at home. "Do you see," he would say to his fellow-citizens, "by a simple insistence upon our rights, without any force to back me, I have brought the Allies to their knees and made them behave, something the republic was never able to achieve." The calling of a conference for revision of the peace treaty would similarly be heralded as a tremendous moral triumph over the enemy. Even the granting today to Germany of the right to double her Reichswehr would be seized upon to fortify the Nazis' death-grip upon Germany. But what other just and constructive policy is there left? None that we can see. To start in cold blood a preventive war is unthinkable. Has the world not learned that wars correct no evil, accomplish no good, and only leave matters worse? It would be madness to resort to the sword now because the Allied faithlessness and blunders have brought about the present menace to all civilization.

But, our readers may ask, since it is almost impossible to expect England, France, and Italy to admit their past errors and retrace their steps, or to look for prompt, radical, and drastic action by the collapsing League of Nations, what next? Well, we believe that President Roosevelt, who has now twice spoken out about world peace to all the world, should back up those admirable sentiments by taking the lead in offering disarmament, urging a revision of the peace treaty, and treating Germany as an equal among the nations in any and all negotiations. We notice that our contemporary, the *New Republic*, which once led in the effort to put America into the World War in order that we might have the opportunity to formulate a healing peace, has now thrown up the sponge and is calling on the United States to quit Europe. This we cannot do; our moral responsibility for what has happened is too great. Even if we wished to do so, our trade entanglements and the threat to our economic life which would come to us if hostilities should ensue would not permit. We say once more, for the hundredth time, that there can be no complete economic restoration and safety in the United States until there is genuine peace and economic restoration in Europe.

And next? When President Roosevelt goes on record thus, we would have him let the world know exactly how this country feels about Hitler, and lead in the encirclement of Germany, not by bayonets, but by a horrified and outraged world opinion. If it was a wise and successful American maneuver during the World War to drop pamphlets over Germany setting forth the American position and calling upon the German troops to surrender, cast off their rulers, and embrace democracy, it will surely be a similarly wise policy to show our detestation of Hitler and Hitlerism in such a way as to compel the publication of the whole in Germany. Even if he does nothing else we hope that the President, as the leader of this country, will promptly voice our complete reprobation for the bloody crimes committed under Hitler and for—what is worse even than the imprisonment without trial of multitudes and the fiendish condemnation to slow economic death of a million people—the threat to self-government, free speech, free thought, and liberty throughout the world.

We cannot see how President Roosevelt can hesitate when the situation abroad is so grave as to be almost desperate, and it is idle to think that we can sit by unscathed if the explosion comes. But even if none should come, there is a profound menace to America in every act of the Hitler Government. Its half-crazy representatives are organizing—perhaps even drilling—on our soil. Two or three times a day its propaganda—skilful this time—comes over the short-wave radio from Berlin. Let no one speak to us of Hitler's assurances that Germany desires peace. Last summer Goebbels, his propaganda minister, declared openly, without any protest from Hitler, that the Nazis would soon send 500,000 Brown Shirts to take back the Polish Corridor. The rise of the German dictator has in fact been achieved by deliberate falsification and cheating, by false promises never meant to be kept, by a Machiavellian policy of lying and roguery which makes it impossible for any unbiased person to accept any statement or pledge of Hitler's as of any worth whatever. Against this man and his government the moral opinion of this country must be ceaselessly alert.

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"Buy Now!"

BETWEEN the upper millstone of the Albert Wiggins with their hundreds of thousands a year and the nether of the "laboring man" who gets his pay by the hour when he works lie several millions of our fellow-countrymen who, with their families—and they usually have families—may roughly be called the American middle class. One of them in this issue of *The Nation* tells how he spends his income of $30 a week—an income which in 1929 was $50 a week, or $2,500 a year. The name he signs to his article is a pseudonym; he lives not far from New York City; he speaks plainly and simply enough, but the number of persons must be large who will cry "Me, too, brother!" to what he says.

What do the "Martins" spend their $30 weekly for? Not rent; they still own their house; but 16 per cent of their weekly income goes for mortgage interest on a dwelling which they bought seven years ago for $8,000 and were able to mortgage for half that amount. Twelve per cent of the income goes for taxes. The "Martins" have a telephone. Possibly for business reasons; more likely because people have telephones and what would they do without one? They burn both gas and electricity. The house demands that, and it would be silly to buy candles or kerosene—which would cost nearly as much—when all you have to do is push a button or light a match. They use the bus, the railroad, and keep a car in addition, the latter a business necessity. In addition to the gas and electricity and taxes and interest, the house needs coal. Add all this to the house and you get, by Mr. "Martin's" reckoning, $11.95, or nearly 40 per cent for the house. Houses come high. Rent, even with gas and lighting added, would not be so high. Mr. "Martin's" point is that in 1926, when he bought it, his house took up less than a fourth of his income—although he apparently did not plan to reduce his mortgage and did not figure in the interest on his original $4,000 as part of his rent—while now, when his income has been reduced, his house charges remain the same.

The "Martins" buy cigarettes and go to a dentist who charges them $5 for pulling a tooth. "Motion pictures," says Mr. "Martin," "are a necessity rather than a luxury." Millions of Americans would agree. It is particularly interesting to note that the "Martins," when they must spread the $10 left to them out of their $30 over all the necessities of life not coming strictly under the head of what they consider fixed charges, save on food: they eat less "meat, cake, ice cream, soft drinks, candy."

It would be easy to analyze the "Martin" income and point out the defects in the spending of it. Too much for a dwelling, even when times were good. Too much for transportation, too much for unnecessary luxuries like the movies and tobacco, a general reorganization of their standard of living needed. But it would be a graceless and stupid analysis. What is going to happen to all the families of Martins? They can't go on paying for living as they used to live, much less take part in a general buying campaign. They must just hang on and wait for the lightning to strike. Boom times again; the Martins would be all right then. But in the meantime—what?

The Doubly Dead

WE are seriously wondering if we will ever visit either the new Carl Akeley Hall of African Life at the American Museum of Natural History or any part of the vast Theodore Roosevelt Memorial now going up on the Central Park side of the old museum building. It is true enough that the preliminary accounts of both sound thrilling in print. Certainly no pains, or skill, or money is being spared in the effort to make the new exhibits the last word in things of that kind. Craftsmen have gone to Africa to study the landscape. Whole cargoes of moss, dried plants, and tree trunks have been shipped to New York, and these the artists will use in building up the "habitat groups" intended to make the exhibits as lifelike as possible.

But after all the skill is exhausted and all the labor spent, how lifelike will they really be? Sad experience and the memory of depressing hours spent in museums compel us to confess our fears that they will not be lifelike at all. The more elaborate they become, the more painstakingly they are arranged, the more distressingly evident it becomes that the whole is a ghastly fraud from which facts may possibly be learned but from which one certainly gets no sense whatever of that living, breathing reality in which lies the charm of animal life. A well-arranged cage with two ordinary monkeys attracts twice the interest, and we think that it is also, in the truest possible sense, more "educational."

There are few persons who have not experienced the peculiar lassitude which half an hour in almost any museum produces. There is no worse way of looking at pictures, even though they seem more at home there than does anything else; and thousands of travelers who go to Italy to look at art wonder, after a day of sight-seeing, why they came. But of all museums there is none quite so deadly as a natural-history museum, even—or perhaps especially—to those who are interested in living creatures. It is not, we hope, that we are sentimental; not primarily because we have certain unreasonable qualms at the thought of the slaughtered creatures. It is because, after all the slaughter and all the careful taxidermy, the animals have become so dull, so indisputably lifeless in the dusty rigor of their "lifelike" attitudes.

Perhaps we are a little morbid on the subject. Perhaps others do not feel with the same force the parody which the exhibits constitute of the very things they are supposed to celebrate. But we are always acutely conscious of the stuffing within. The very skin and fur look dry and harsh, ready at any moment to fall into a most unwholesome dust. For all the camphor and other more recondite repellents which we know must be inclosed in those cases of glass, we sense the moths at work; and yet this most deadly—because half-real—sort of waxworks is supposed to give us the sense of the abounding activity which it so maligns.

Surely the secret of the outrage is exactly here. Animals are interesting because they are alive, and life is what natural history is supposed to celebrate, but there is nothing more completely, emphatically dead beyond all hope of pious resurrection than a collection of stuffed animals. Neither the mummy of a Pharoah nor the water-soaked corpse of a suicide could put faith in immortality to a severer test.

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Issues and Men

The Case of Albert Wiggin

THE case of Albert Wiggin is not different from others brought out by the Senate inquiry. He is essentially a product of these times. I feel the more deeply about it, however, because in my rare contacts with him I have found him much more broad-minded than the average Wall Street banker, with an understanding of the European situation most unusual downtown. Everyone who went through the panic of 1907 as a bank official or director will remember with gratitude the admirable service Mr. Wiggin gave at that time in holding the banking situation together, as chairman, if I remember rightly, of the emergency committee formed by the Clearing House. This makes it only the more regrettable that he too stands convicted of yielding to the mania for getting enormously rich in the shortest possible time. The whole story is sordid and shameful.

What I cannot understand about these men is why they were so selfish in holding on to their own large salaries, and in Mr. Wiggin's case increasing them, at the very time that their enterprises were jeopardized by falling revenues and they were cutting the salaries of their employees. Some of them, again like Mr. Wiggin, were vociferous in their demands that labor "take its share" of the deflation and submit to drastic wage cuts. People who have known the plight of bank clerks in New York, the long hours they have worked and the wretched wages they have received, have every reason to be especially resentful of such incidents as the paying of $1,500,000 in a single year to Charles Mitchell, and of $1,100,000 to Mr. Wiggin in four and a half years before his retirement with a pension of $100,000 a year. As I wrote in connection with George Hill of the American Tobacco Company, who paid himself and his associates $2,000,000 in a year, and Eugene Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, who was paid $1,000,000 a year, there are no men on earth who are worth such salaries. We pay the President of the United States $75,000 a year, plus a $25,000 traveling allowance and certain other perquisites. If that is enough salary for the highest position in the country, and I am sure it is, there is no reason that larger sums should be paid to the heads of private corporations. That these men have failed to realize this is one of the most extraordinary phases of the whole situation. I do not deny their remarkable ability—at least in good times when everything is going well—but their ability has never enabled them to take a detached view of their own actions and of the natural and logical consequences of the things that they do. They themselves are responsible for the fact that the profit system is endangered as never before. From the point of view of those who wish to take private profit out of business these great executives are doing great service, but it has been done at the expense of underpaid minor employees and manual laborers, and of the stockholders whose interest these overpaid executives are there to protect.

Still another thing that passes my understanding is that men actuated like Mr. Wiggin did not jump at the chance to display real generosity and leadership. Why wasn't there one of them with sufficient nobility of spirit to come forward and say that as long as $15- and $20-a-week employees had to take cuts he would not draw more than $1,000 a month, or nothing at all? That would not have hurt, for all these men have built up great private fortunes, not merely because they save a part of their salaries, but because, as a friend of mine put it, "If you are at the pie counter you can't help eating pie." These men have had endless opportunities, from their inside knowledge of what was going on in the political, financial, and economic world, to build up their private fortunes—I mean legitimately, given the system that has obtained. I know, of course, that they usually have large commitments, that they have expensive country places and town houses to maintain, not to speak of winter residences in Florida, and that they find it as hard as the poor man to cut expenses when the crash comes. But even so "nobility obliges." The head of a great institution or a great railroad ought to take the same kind of medicine that is given to his subordinates, and in far larger doses. It is always expected of the colonel of a regiment—at least it was until war became a matter of trenches—that he would place himself at the head of his men, ready to be the first to fall if necessary, and we still admire the captain of the ship who goes down with her when she sinks. What would it not have meant to the minor employees of the Chase Bank if they had known that Mr. Wiggin had denied himself all salary from January 1, 1930, on? He would not have gone bankrupt or lacked food or clothes, and he would have been repaid a thousand times over in the increased loyalty that his working force would have given him. Certainly, had he done so, stockholders would not feel so badly today about the revelation that 77 per cent of the value of the holdings of the Chase Securities Company has evaporated since 1929. That he, through a private company, gambled in the stock of his own bank—only to be rewarded by a pension of $100,000 a year—is enough to make every decent official of the Chase hang his head and every stockholder vow vengeance.

Of course these men are the very ones who rave against the tyranny of organized labor and its grasping character. They wish to die multimillionaires, but they are very angry at the impudence of their employees in aspiring to have nice homes, radios, phonographs, and automobiles, sufficient income to give their children better opportunities than they have had, and an occasional opportunity to go to a good theater. It is just because of their shortsightedness and greed, their inability to put themselves into the other fellow's shoes, their failure to live up to their obligations and opportunities, that the Administration of Franklin Roosevelt is now moving to make such preposterous salaries impossible.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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"Buy Now"—on $30 a Week

By JAMES R. MARTIN

OUR local NRA committee has just started a "Buy Now" campaign. We are urged to increase our buying to the limit, so that factories can be busy again and the millions of unemployed be put back at work. I wish I could buy more, but I can't. My total earnings of $2,500 a year in 1929 have shrunk to about $1,500 today. But many of my expenses have not shrunk at all. That is the reason I cannot buy more, and am, indeed, on the road to ruin. If my case were an exception, it would be just my hard luck. However, I think it is typical of the situation in which the great mass of consumers find themselves today. I suspect my own decline in income of 40 per cent since 1929 represents just about the national average.

Prices have not come down with incomes. Food, clothing, merchandise have fallen substantially, yes. But I still pay 1929 boom-time prices for mortgage interest, taxes, telephone, electricity and gas, bus and commuting fares, movies, insurance, doctors and dentists, and coal, and fairly high prices for gasoline and motor oil, tobacco and cigarettes, and ice.

In 1926 I bought an $8,000 house and borrowed a $4,000 mortgage. I am still paying 6 per cent on that $4,000, despite the fact that the mortgagee lent me dollars that were inflated and wouldn't buy so much, while I have to pay him now in dollars that can buy a great deal more. Of my $30 weekly earnings, I have to pay almost $5 for this interest.

My tax bill did not fall at all during the first three years of the depression, and this year was reduced only 10 per cent. Taxes take almost $3.60 each week.

Telephone rates are the same as they were in 1929. The stockholders are still receiving the high dividend of 9 per cent on their money, the bond-holders are still getting the same interest, and the officials and employees, after "suffering" a temporary salary reduction of 10 per cent in the past year, have just had their pay restored to its boom-time levels. None of these classes know that there is a depression, but the customers do.

Electric and gas rates are still the same, although the company advertises that it has made reductions. My bill on a weekly basis runs to about $1.25. The company's bondholders are receiving their interest in full, the common-stock dividends were paid right up to a few months ago, and the salaries of officials and employees have been reduced only 15 per cent.

Bus fares remain high. Before the war the street-car company charged five cents flat over a sizable region. Now the bus company charges ten, fifteen, or twenty cents, according to zones, and declares that it is losing money. The company attempted to obtain a State-wide monopoly and bought out one independent bus system after another at fancy prices. In this way it ran up a huge bonded debt, and now claims that the heavy interest charge on this debt makes lower bus fares impossible. Yet it makes no attempt to lower these charges, takes good care of the stockholders, and pays high salaries to a large number of officials.

Motion pictures are a necessity rather than a luxury. The three theaters in our town charged forty cents in boom times and made money. Two of them were leased at a high rent and for a long term by a large motion-picture producing company, which immediately raised the price to fifty cents and has kept it there. I suppose that besides the high rents it also must pay heavy bond-interest charges, a host of high-salaried officials, and dividends on at least the preferred stock. If these movie admissions had fallen as much as my income has since 1929, they would be twenty-five cents today. The third theater is a neighborhood institution that still charges forty cents as it did in 1929. The manager told me the price of admission could not be reduced because the producers still charge 1929 prices for films, and the theater building is under a long-term lease fixed in the high-price years. The theater company is owned by three New Yorkers who spend their winter vacations in Florida.

The railroad which carries many local commuters to New York every day has not only refused to lower rates but raised them 15 per cent. The railroad asserts that it carries the commuters at a loss. The fact is that for ten years the civic interests of the State have been trying, after extensive studies by experts, to persuade the railroads in this area to pool their commuting business in a unified, electrified rapid-transit system. This would mean profit instead of loss to the railroads, and a saving of time for the commuters. The railroads, jealous of their individual independence, have refused to do this, and the passengers pay the cost in time and money.

Coal is still around $14 a ton in this area. The coal bill is an important one in the consumer's budget; for me it amounts to about $2.10 a week. Oil for my automobile is about what it was in 1929. Gasoline is back to eighteen cents a gallon, which is only two cents away from the five gallons for a dollar of boom days. Both cost me about $2 a week. So many petroleum companies have sunk wells that cutthroat competition has resulted, and five months ago the price of gas went down to eleven cents. Then the companies all got together under the NRA code, restricted production, fixed a "fair price," and gas shot up to eighteen cents a gallon.

Cigarettes at twelve cents a package have fallen 20 per cent since 1929, or only half of the fall in my income. Probably that is the reason why some of these tobacco companies have until recently been able to pay million-dollar bonuses to certain executives, and why the National City Bank in a recent survey stated that the tobacco manufacturers had been able to maintain their boom-time profits more successfully than any other line of business.*

I had a tooth pulled recently. The dentist charged me $4 for two X-ray views and $5 for pulling the tooth. These were the same rates he charged four years ago. Doctors' and dentists' bills for us average $1.25 a week. The rates are still high.

A decent lunch costs almost as much as it did in

* Quoted in an editorial in the New York *Herald Tribune*, August 22, 1933.

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1929. The reductions have been astonishingly small. In drugstores ice-cream sodas and sundaes and coffee still cost the old high prices. Many of these places complain of the high rent they still have to pay on account of long-term leases contracted when rentals were fabulous. The more fundamental reason, it seems to me, is that there are far too many eating places and drugstores. Each gets so small a share of the available business that it has to charge high prices to make ends meet. One would think that competition between all these places would lower prices until it drove the excess number out of business. It doesn't work out that way. These businesses have learned to keep prices at a certain level. It is another case of the consumer having to support too many firms.

All these things cost us $20 a week. They cost us the same amount in 1929. There has been no reduction. But then I was earning $50 a week and these necessities were only 40 per cent of my income. Now I am making only $30 a week and they are 66 per cent of my income. I had $30 left over then. I have only $10 left now. After paying a reduced amount for food and cheap shoes, I have nothing with which to buy the clothing, furniture, rugs, automobiles, books, lamps, and other merchandise whose production would keep our factories busy and restore employment to millions. That is why the factories are largely idle. The consumers have nothing left with which to buy merchandise after they have paid tribute to mortgage and bond owners, electric-light and gas companies, bus and railroad systems, coal barons, motion-picture producers, doctors and dentists, and the oil and gas price-fixing combine.

What can I buy? A new automobile or even a second-hand one is out of the question for me. I shall have to continue using my five-year-old car. I know clothing prices have declined, but I am wearing a slightly worn suit which I bought from my brother for $10. My last pair of shoes was purchased eight months ago. I have not bought a necktie for two years. The radio has worn out and we haven't reached the point where we can spare $15 for a new one. We haven't bought any furniture or house furnishings for four years. We do not patronize plays, concerts, or big games. Summer vacations are no longer possible, and a week-end trip would cost money we couldn't afford. We have even cut down on food—less meat, cake, ice cream, soft drinks, candy.

Our expenses are more than our income. That is why our savings have gone down to a few hundred dollars in the bank against illness or disaster. The securities we had were sold two years ago at a loss. We have begun to borrow on our insurance. The taxes for 1933 are not yet paid and probably won't be. We can discontinue the telephone, but the automobile is a business necessity. If you think we haven't been thrifty, try and run a home on $30 a week.

Now we find that prices are going up again, although our income is not. The NRA is supposed to increase employment and raise wages. Several million of the unemployed are back at work, it is true, but the wage level has not risen, except in a few industries. The minimum wage has too often been made a maximum wage as well. The point I wish to make is that a rise in wages and incomes may still be a long way off. Meanwhile, the burden of having to pay 1929 prices for so many necessities is crushing us—and making it impossible for us to "Buy Now."

F. H. La Guardia

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

IN one living outside New York, the prospective election of Fiorello H. La Guardia cannot fail to inspire mixed feelings. This is particularly true of a Washington correspondent whose duties bring him into frequent and intimate touch with Congress. If "the Major" becomes chief magistrate of the metropolis, it is questionable that he would ever be content to return to the House of Representatives. This is a disturbing thought, because the House without La Guardia is about as piquant and stimulating as boiled cabbage without seasoning. His position there was unique, being comparable only to that occupied by Norris in the Senate, and the likeness is the more remarkable when the contrast in personality is observed. One is a patient, plodding, home-spun ex-judge from a Midwestern hamlet; the other, a fiery, colorful, crusading cosmopolite, product of the world's greatest city. Yet beneath these attributes may be discerned a similarity of character and purpose which explains the influence exercised by each in his sphere. Norris's extraordinary prestige in the Senate exists in spite of formal party lines. Although nominally a Republican, his voice has carried as much weight with Democrats—possibly more. His influence arises out of the universal recognition of his sincerity, courage, intelligence, poise, sense of justice, and unselfish devotion to the public good. Precisely the same things were true of La Guardia in the House. He commanded equal respect on both sides of the aisle because his motives always were above challenge, because he always knew what he was talking about, and because he was not afraid.

La Guardia's importance as a national figure was not fully realized by the House and the men who record its decisions until they were confronted in the last session with the gaping hole left by his retirement. I have seen some imposing figures removed from that lower chamber by defeat and death, but never have I known one whose absence was as keenly felt on every hand as was "the Major's." His bitterest enemies—and he never hesitated to make them—reluctantly conceded that he had "performed a useful function." As a matter of fact, the function which he performed is indispensable in a well-balanced legislative body. It consisted in subjecting every measure or proposal, regardless of party sponsorship, to the acid test of intelligent analysis, and in supporting or opposing it strictly on that basis. Many a time during the last session, when bewildered members were being asked to vote on bills they had not read or did not understand, they were heard to sigh: "If only the Major were here to tell us what this is all about."

Sentiment in the press gallery was much the same. True, "the Major" was a news-maker of the first rank. He did not hesitate to denounce a corrupt federal judge on the floor, or by leaving the floor to divest himself of his Congressional immunity in order to defy Sam Insull from the steps of the House Office Building. But that is not exactly the reason the reporters liked him—contrary to popular impression, there is a surplus rather than a shortage of news in Washington. Rather they liked him because he invested the news with color and significance. Most of all, however, they liked him—and would welcome his return—because he

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possesses nerve without bravado, wit without venom, and eloquence without bombast. In short, because he is a regular fellow instead of a stuffed shirt.

Of course, if one had the misfortune to live in New York and were compelled to bear the cost and endure the consequences of municipal graft and misgovernment; if the security of one's life and property depended on cleaning up a rotten mess and installing a competent administration, one would hasten to plump for "the Major," and thank God for the opportunity. But nearly 120,000,000 of us live outside of New York. What Congress does is infinitely more important to us than what the New York City administration does. Congress contains plenty of dumb-bells like O'Brien and tricksters like "Holy Joe" McKee, but "the Major" was in a class by himself. We may harbor a natural impulse to rebuke the Daugherty-like stratagems of Jim Farley—his transparent attempt to capture Tammany under the guise of a "reform" or (heaven save the mark!) "recovery" movement—but we can hardly be expected to work up a lather over the tribulations of New York taxpayers, subway riders, and users of gas and electricity, until they display a more convincing interest in their own welfare. So, much as I like and admire "the Major," I cannot carry a torch for him in this campaign if there remains a chance to get him back in Washington—where he is appreciated. It would be too much like supporting Senator Norris for Mayor of Omaha.

The Physical Director and the Depression

By KATHERINE FERGUSON

THERE is no profession in the world that should carry with it more of a spiritual and bodily panacea for its unemployed members than that of physical education and recreation work. When a teacher and leader of such activities has spent from five to twenty years in directing the leisure time and the physical and recreative welfare of others, and has striven to uphold the message of "mens sana in corpore sano," he should be able, at need, to do all this for himself. It is perhaps true that more than 50 per cent of the unemployed in this calling would be quite happy and willing to apply their teachings to themselves if it were not necessary for them to use at least part of their time as a means of support. Those who have been able to find another vocation may still retain the beneficial practices derived from their former experience, or they may have so lost faith in those practices that they consider them a waste of time even as an avocation.

About 1912 the prestige of the physical-training profession began to increase. Progressive cities established playground commissions, several States passed compulsory laws for recreation facilities, and the more advanced public and private schools instituted or further developed a course of "physical culture." If there were occasional complaints from farmers who considered that their children had sufficient exercise and fresh air at home, from parents who disliked for their own favored youngsters the strenuous program *en masse,* and from taxpayers of limited vision who thought that playground administration was merely teaching kittens to play and that gymnasium classes for adults in night school were superfluous, these were all forgotten when the World War arrived. After the publication of those astounding figures (I've forgotten what they were) showing the number of young men who were physically unfit for military service, the country became very much aroused to the need of education for health. All possible activities to promote health and recreation were immediately set up. Schools, colleges, civic centers, semi-philanthropic organizations, churches, clubs, industrial plants, and retail establishments fostered a program of physical education, and where there was no organization, individuals banded together for the sole purpose of engaging in some such activity. And they all hired one or more trained persons to direct the work. The main objects of the movement were to enable potential soldiers to meet the physical tests when their time came to serve, to safeguard the health of mothers and future mothers of the nation, and to keep up the morale of those at home.

After the war the standing of the profession began to stabilize, and when the glorious reason for the training of supermen and Amazons and for the preservation of cheerfulness in the face of disaster was removed, promoters of health-education departments began to consider the advisability of maintaining a set of rather expensive employees. The fad for reducing, the vogue of tap-dancing, and the therapeutic exercises carried on in veterans' hospitals opened some new opportunities, but within the last four years the physical-training profession has shown, with so many others, a decided drop in openings for its members.

In the present state of the country there is suffering with no colorful battles, there is deprivation without the satisfaction of knowing that it is for a noble cause, there are viciously unhealthy conditions of body and mind with not even the hope of an imminent military victory to better them. Where programs of physical exercise and recreation were formerly carried on to make people forget their hard labor and anguish of spirit, the need now is to reestablish those same activities for a vast group that has nothing but leisure time and has found that fact harder to forget than the most difficult labor, and that has a despair never caused by reading casualty lists or giving up sugar. From newspapers, periodicals, the pulpit, and the lecture platform come ever-recurring recommendations that a constructive program of health and recreation be worked out for the unemployed and the younger citizenry. If one has kept up with school-board meetings for the past two years, one will have noticed that where faculties have been cut down, the teachers of art, music, dramatics, and physical training have been the first to go. Clubs and organizations which built expensive gymnasiums and swimming pools have been obliged to dismiss directors for lack of funds. Welfare workers in factories and department stores are no longer considered essential. One of

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the largest federal prisons for women in the country has been without a physical instructor for years.

Physical instructors themselves may be divided into four groups: (1) graduates of one of the four or five established special schools of physical training who have no academic degree; (2) graduates of a university or college who have majored in physical education and are qualified to teach other subjects in addition; (3) leaders who have taken summer or other short courses in recreation work; (4) volunteers who have had practically no training. In the past when a highly specialized physical-training teacher was demanded, one was usually selected from the first group, just as a teacher was hired from a normal school and a commercial worker from a business college. Lately, with the mania for degrees, the college graduate who has majored in physical education has been given consideration; she has additional economic value in that she can teach one or two other subjects. Members of the third group have often given up the work when there was not a great demand for it. If they have not continued their training, their departments usually suffer from a limited scope. In lean times the volunteer should have small favor. The girl of means who can dance, play tennis, and swim is not exactly a practical investment as an instructor, or a particularly striking advocate of economic rehabilitation.

The unemployed of this profession have many things to ponder while they are waiting for appointments and wondering if it would be better to learn chocolate-dipping. Is the idea of active participation for all in exercise and healthful diversions going out? Is passive exercise to be one of the modern improvements? Or is an intensive health-education and recreative program, such as was so necessary during war time for the welfare of the citizens, going to be just as indispensable in peace time to uphold that welfare?

[*This is the ninth of a series of articles on the effect of the economic crisis on the professions. Others will appear in subsequent issues.*]

Money—Servant or Master?

By DAVID WARREN RYDER

THIS is an age of plenty. The problem of production is solved. With the friendly aid of science and invention, man has at last won the age-old battle with scarcity. Today we can produce enough for all. What stands in the way of all sharing in this plenty, what engenders the cruel paradox of dire want in the midst of abundance? One thing—an inept financial system. This system, which is a carry-over from the pre-industrial era, simply will not permit of enough money reaching the people to enable them to buy what the industrial machine can produce. That is the major cause of the depression, which would be cured tomorrow if all the people who need and want goods and services had the money to pay for them.

It is hard for a truth as simple as this to be perceived. It has been obscured by the controversies of the "experts" who were called in to examine the patient and remained to quarrel over the cadaver. Now the babel begins a little to subside. And in the comparative quiet, voices of clarity have a chance to be heard. One such voice is that of the Scottish engineer-economist, Major C. H. Douglas, who for twenty years, in the face of a formidable conspiracy of silence, has been proposing fundamental financial reform. Long before the depression set in, he predicted it—as the inevitable consequence of a financial system which allows a mere handful of men, non-elected and answerable to no one, to control the very lifeblood of all business, industry, and commerce; and to do so, not in the interest of the people, or even of business, but solely in the interest of themselves. "Conspiracy of silence"—I use the term advisedly. When, shortly after the close of the World War, Douglas first publicly enunciated his proposals, they were taken up eagerly and widely discussed. But when it seemed that discussion would lead to concrete action, suddenly the lid was clamped on, and during six years not an important publication in Great Britain so much as mentioned his name. Not until the world lay paralyzed in depression could he break through the ring of silence. Meanwhile Australia and New Zealand have taken up his ideas with vim; in the latter country sixteen members of Parliament are pledged to put the plan into execution.

The Douglas program of financial reform, known generally as "Social Credit," although fundamental and far-reaching, is comparatively simple. Essentially it consists of three propositions: (1) the socialization of credit, (2) the just price, and (3) national dividends for all.

In discussing the first proposition, Douglas points out that of the various kinds of money, credit or "check-money" is by far the most important. For just as gold replaced earlier kinds of money, and currency later displaced gold, now credit has so far supplanted currency that it is used to transact nine-tenths of the world's business. Moreover, under the existing financial system, the exclusive right to create and destroy it vests in the banks, which create it whenever they make a loan and destroy it whenever a loan is repaid. This power is too vast and vital to remain in private hands, and Social Credit would lodge it solely in the state. Banks would then be simply custodians of money instead of, as now, creators and destroyers of it as well. They could accept deposits, but would have to keep dollar-for-dollar behind them, and could not lend other peoples' money except with its owners' consent. Instead of paying us interest, we should pay them something for looking after any money we cared to put in their custody. This, it seems, was always the practice until the banks acquired the privilege of creating money—and found it so lucrative that they could afford to hire ours as a basis for issuing ten times as much of their own. Paying us three or four cents a year for a dollar whose possession gives them the right of creating ten extra dollars to lend at seven, eight, or ten cents apiece a year is a pretty good "racket," and one can scarcely blame them for wanting to retain it.

Since this kind of money costs nothing to create—save for a few cents to cover book entries—it would be lent by the government *without interest*. Obviously, not to every would-be borrower, any more than that is now done by the banks,

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but to all legitimate and established enterprise. If, for instance, a hat manufacturer who had been in the habit of borrowing from the banks to carry on his business needed money for this purpose, under Social Credit the government would let him have it *without interest,* requiring repayment after the hats, for the manufacture of which the money was borrowed, had been sold. The manufacturer, not having to pay interest on his borrowings, could afford to sell his hats for substantially less, which would permit more people to buy them. Thus, through free credit, industry would be able to produce goods more cheaply, and consumers would be able to buy more goods.

People get money in the main from wages, salaries, and dividends disbursed by industry in the course of production. The principal reason that they never have enough money to buy the total product is that the producer must always take back, in prices, not only what he has disbursed in wages, salaries, and dividends, but also his expenditures for raw materials, plant and equipment depreciation and renewal, taxes, and interest on bank loans. Obviously, if he is to stay in business, he has to get back all his costs, even if he has only distributed part of them in purchasing power.

To compensate for this deficiency in purchasing power, Social Credit offers the "just price," which provides for the sale of goods to the ultimate consumer at less than *financial* cost—the difference to be made up to the sellers by the government treasury. This would be done by the issuance of new money or by entries of book credit—whichever proved more expedient. And the basis for this new money or credit would be the additional goods produced; since these would have added a commensurate amount to the national *real*—as distinguished from *financial*—wealth. In the last analysis, it is exactly on this basis that the banks now expand the money in circulation. Under Social Credit the only difference would be that the necessary new money would be obtained *without the creation of a new debt to the banking system,* the government simply recognizing that additional *real* wealth was a proper basis for the issuance of sufficient new money to reflect such additional wealth.

The idea of selling goods below financial cost of production is further justified by the contention that the *real* cost of production is simply cost of consumption, which is always less than the financial cost of production. Social Credit merely proposes selling at this real cost instead of at financial cost. In practice it would work out like this: If, during a specified period, financial cost of gross production was $500,000 and financial cost of gross consumption was $400,000, then goods would be sold to consumers at four-fifths of production cost. Thus if the financial cost to all sellers was $450,000, the total price paid by the consumers would be four-fifths of that amount, or $360,000. The balance of $90,000 would be provided by the government through the issuance of new money or credit, backed by the $100,000 in additional *real* wealth which had been produced during this period.

Prices being thus lessened, more goods would be sold, so that both consumers and producers would benefit from each increase in national production. And since the new money would not be issued until after the new goods were on the market, there would be no rise in prices, but rather a rise in the standard of living. Moreover, with the home market continually expanding, that frantic rivalry for foreign markets which is the chief cause of war would be unnecessary.

Recognizing that man-power will be rendered more and more unnecessary by the increasing application of solar energy to the various agencies of production, Social Credit expects unemployment to continue to increase. This, however, can be made a blessing instead of, as now, a terrible curse, provided that it is transformed into leisure through a system which insures that more and more of the fruits of the machine shall be distributed to everyone. With a financial system accurately reflecting our effective production system, hours of work and the working week can both be shortened materially, and wages substantially increased. Furthermore, to assure everyone at least the necessities of life, Social Credit proposes to pay every individual, employed or unemployed, a "national dividend." This would be based on and paid out of the national *real* wealth, and its amount would rise or fall with the increase or decrease of total yearly production of such wealth. Thus deliberate idleness would be discouraged, for if too many people decided to cease work and live on the dividend, the amount of it would decrease until they were impelled to return to work.

The theoretical right of everyone to this dividend rests on the fundamental principle that every individual is entitled to share in the "cultural inheritance of the race." As a nation's real wealth increases through the application of science and invention to its productive agencies, everyone should share in it. But the practical justification of the dividend is that, by assuring everyone the means of procuring at least the basic needs of life, it would do away with the necessity for such things as unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, the dole, and all the other clumsy and inept methods now employed to transfer purchasing power from one group of people to another. It would also vastly reduce the burden of taxation.

There is more to the Social Credit program than can be stated in this space. However, it is essentially on these three fundamental propositions that it rests. The logic behind them—the logic and the practicability of the whole Social Credit movement—are epitomized in a short paragraph in Douglas's last book, "Warning Democracy":

> If it were in the nature of things that in some way the quantity of money in the world was fixed by the laws of nature, our case would be desperate. But we find by technical investigation that it is not so fixed; that the amount of money in the world is almost entirely dependent upon the action of those institutions which we call banks; that, in fact, the banking system can, and does, control the prosperity of every country in the world, and that the banking system is a man-made system controlled by men, and can be altered by men.

"Systems," someone has written, "were made for men and not men for systems"; and for emphasis it might be added that high above all systems—theological, political, financial—rises the true interest of man, which is self-development. It is in recognition of this—it is to permit and encourage man's self-development—that Socal Credit would free him from the slavery imposed by the present financial system, realizing that other forms of freedom are largely meaningless as long as a man remains economically bound. To give man this freedom, to assure him the fruits of his great victory over nature, Social Credit proposes a financial system that will make money the servant and not the master of mankind.

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Milwaukee Stays Socialist

By RUBEN LEVIN

Milwaukee, October 15

CITIZENS throughout the land, as they sit down anew to sip the beer that made Milwaukee famous, are wondering what has happened to dim its other, sounder fame as a model city, free of crime, bare of graft, a shining example of financial husbandry. They have read that the glory of this city, ruled by those wicked Socialists, has darkened; that its dramatic, Lincolnesque Mayor, Daniel Webster Hoan, has been the target of a recall movement; that grand-jury indictments have besmudged its record; that its treasury, once overflowing, is now barren; that municipal employees have to wait three months for their pay; and that taxpayers are in ferment and turmoil. Many are puzzled by this strange turn of affairs. The city they pointed to as an example of sound municipal government has seemingly failed them. The recall, the indictments, the payless pay days do not fit at all into the former picture of Milwaukee as the "miracle" city of the land. Is it possible that the hosannas sounded over Milwaukee during the past two years were all ballyhoo?

Let us see. Most of the acclaim about the city's financial condition was centered around its so-called $4,000,000 surplus—a word city officials denied using and manfully tried to down—at a time when other communities, their treasuries in many cases mulcted by grafters, were plunging into bankruptcy. This reputed "surplus"—in reality the remnant of unspent bond issues—came as the culmination of a long series of financial reforms dating back, Socialists maintained, to their first rise to power in 1910. The reforms checked haphazard spending, tightened up budgets, centralized buying, stopped sprees of borrowing, put the city on a cash instead of a credit basis, and ended the old graft and bribery arising out of purchases—graft so flagrant that it brought a grand-jury inquiry and 200 indictments a short time before the Socialists first took office.

After his election as Mayor in 1916 Hoan appointed a number of department heads whose efficiency brought fame to the city. Peter Steinkellner, a Socialist, received the post of fire chief and brought the city the lowest fire-insurance rate of any large American city. Jacob Laubenheimer, a non-partisan, was named police chief and under his reign the city won a national reputation for the suppression of crime and the lowest municipal burglar-insurance rate. Under Dr. John P. Koehler, health commissioner, Milwaukee has taken honors twice during the past four years in the United States Chamber of Commerce health contests as the most healthful city in the country. Leon Gurda, building inspector, wiped out a former deplorable laxity in building-code enforcement and initiated a program of slum eradication involving the demolition of from 400 to 500 unsanitary and deteriorated buildings each year.

Late in 1932 and early in 1933, when tax collections disastrously declined, Milwaukee, despite the past reforms and the $4,000,000 surplus, began to feel the pinch that other cities had suffered far earlier in the depression. Unemployment and the decline of trade aroused taxpayers, particularly business men, realty owners, and subdivision operators, to a clamor for lower taxes, reduced municipal salaries, discharge of unnecessary help, and a general deflation of the city's expenditures. In the midst of this agitation came the failure of a small neighborhood bank, the Liberty State. An investigation that followed exposed a dummy securities firm, and out of this emerged a grand-jury indictment charging John I. Drew, former non-partisan city treasurer, with the embezzlement of $500,000 of the city's money, which sum was alleged to have been used in dubious dealings with the securities concern. His trial is pending. The spotlight turned next on Louis M. Kotecki, non-partisan city comptroller, who was indicted for malfeasance. The indictment merely accused Kotecki of failing to audit Drew's records minutely enough to catch the reputed embezzlement, but Kotecki wilted under the blow and one day whipped out a revolver, shot his deputy and lifelong friend, William Wendt, and then killed himself.

Noisy taxpayers' organizations which arose in the wards seized on these events as an excuse to hammer the City Hall as a den of iniquity and misgovernment and to cry more loudly than ever for tax reduction. The Socialists tried instead to establish a thirty-hour week for all city employees, so that 2,500 more workers could be hired; to force even local private industry by ordinance to put employees on a thirty-hour week; to open stores for the sale of groceries at cost to the poor; to organize a city-owned savings bank; and to lay the groundwork for a municipal power plant. Non-partisans, holding a majority of three in the common council—when party lines were not broken—blocked all of these proposals.

Tax delinquencies now kept mounting and the city's cash continued to ebb away. The Socialists tried to meet the emergency with a $7,000,000 issue of scrip, backed by tax liens and good for the payment of all bills due the city. Non-partisans defeated the plan just a few weeks before local banks, during the nation-wide banking collapse, printed $25,000,000 of scrip and found people happy to take the paper. With a payment of $4,000,000 in interest and principal on the bonded debt due July 1, the city thereupon refrained for three months from paying municipal employees and husbanded its cash to avoid joining the long roster of cities in default. Such regard for bond-holders above workers was alien to Socialist doctrine, but the Socialists in the government recognized that in this case caution had to be put above credo.

After the middle of the year financial woes began to mend. The amortization fund, a reserve growing by annual increments and intended in time to make the city debt free, was tapped of its $4,200,000 in bonds, for which delinquent tax certificates were substituted as assets. The bonds were then sold and the cash thus realized went to meet part of the overdue pay rolls. Enough non-partisans now joined with Socialists to authorize a $5,000,000 issue of "baby bonds," chiefly in $10 denominations, carrying 5 per cent interest—though the Socialists would have preferred non-interest scrip. Backed by a reserve of choice tax liens, about

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$2,000,000 of the bonds have been distributed thus far, partly by sale to the public and partly by payment to employees in lieu of cash for portions of their salaries. At present 1,300 merchants, landlords, and others are taking the bonds at par for goods and services.

With the worst of the money vexations over, the Socialists fought further attempts to trim the salaries of city employees beyond a 10 per cent "donation" to an emergency fund to be used for hiring the jobless on "made work." Infuriated at this Socialist obstinacy, organizations of angry taxpayers' began a campaign for removing Mayor Hoan from office. Ward taxpayers' clubs banded together into the United Taxpayers' League, and the wealthier property-owners formed the Recall Council in a drive for Hoan's removal. In a month these groups gathered 46,000 signatures on petitions for Hoan's recall—4,000 more than were required by law to force a recall election. The Socialists, silent but watchful while the petitions were being circulated, sprang into action the day the names were filed in court. Five hundred of them started to check the signatures block by block for authenticity. What they found caused a furor—addresses at cemeteries and empty lots, forgeries and duplications, signers dead for years. They found, too, that vagrants, at the moment in the house of correction, had collected thousands of the names at four cents each.

These exposures, astonishing even to the sponsors of the recall movement, brought them together in a hasty, worried meeting one noon, after which the leaders went into court to explain that they "could no longer vouch for the regularity of the petitions" and to beg permission to revoke the entire lot. The judge, after some cutting comments about evident fraud, let the recall drop. Thus the crusade against Hoan crumpled up, leaving its supporters doleful and somewhat discredited and Mayor Hoan strengthened and triumphant.

The Revolution in Spain

II. The Fear of Fascism

By ANITA BRENNER

Madrid, August 30

THE hardest-working word in Spain today is "crisis." There are big and little crises all over the morning papers. Nobody knows what to expect; tautness and menace are in the air. The country seems held in a tension of struggling parties, factions, interests, regions, classes.

There are conflicts and splits in the Cortes, conflicts and splits in almost every political party and labor organization. There are strikes in nearly every industry and in almost every town. Some are strikes to obtain improvements required by law, but none the less not granted by hostile employers. Others are strikes against certain protested provisions in these new laws. Strikes for higher wages, shorter hours, better conditions, and against discharges, frequently take on a more general character and spread transformed into embryo revolts. There have been three such major uprisings and several minor ones, in which the struggle seems to have taken on much of the look of a civil war. Revolt is latent in any strike involving Anarcho-Syndicalist and Communist workers. Anarcho-Syndicalist strikes are apt to last sometimes for weeks or months and usually have a political as well as an economic character, for along with economic demands Anarcho-Syndicalists ask persistently for release of political prisoners and derogation of certain laws. Such strikes are accompanied by bombings, fires, and intermittent fighting.

Three national police corps patrol the roads and trains, and search incoming travelers for arms. They are trigger-nervous, and people who talk back to a civil guard are court-martialed. Hysteria breaks out at the points of high tension. A civil guard runs amuck and lays about him with his sword. A hungry peasant hurls his sister into the family well. The Cardinal of Tarragona instals huge metal double doors backed by heavy grillwork at the entrance of his house. Strikers in Barcelona turn up the paving stones and plant bombs in railroad water-closets. Every street is paced by a pair of *guardias de asalto,* a special new corps recruited from among veterans of the Moroccan wars to curb strikes and riots.

Public expression—from the press, the government, the talkers in the cafes—is wrapped in a heavy cloud of vague, dark fears that are pinned to a single word—fascism. Discontented officers plotting in Majorca are "fascists." A royalist demagogue directing an anti-government campaign from Paris is a "fascist." The terrorist fringe of the Anarcho-Syndicalist Federation is "fascist." The Royalist Catholic youth, who wear white berets like their Carlist ancestry and call themselves *Tradicionalistas,* are "fascists." Catholic Basque Nationalist-Royalists are "fascists." Mysterious "fascist credentials" are found on people picked up daily on suspicion—of what? The "fascists" are in league both with the Royalists and the Anarcho-Syndicalists and also, according to very frightened reporters, with the Communists.

This extraordinary nightmare climbed on the back of the government at the end of July and developed a dime-novel "plot" out of two agitations and a lot of political fever. The two agitations centered around political trials, one of military Royalists and the other of Anarcho-Syndicalists. The first was the trial of the officers involved with General Sanjurjo in the frustrated coup d'etat in August, 1932. The second, also a court martial, concerned eight workers accused of having instigated an uprising in Tarrasa, in Catalonia. Orders which no one explained suddenly went out from Madrid, and in every city, town, and village the police sealed Anarcho-Syndicalist headquarters, raided homes, cafes, and clubs, arrested Royalists, priests, labor leaders, rank and file—calling them "fascists"—massed the troops in the garrisons, and practically choked the streets with police armed to the teeth and as jumpy as cats. In Barcelona the usual midnight crowd promenaded down the Rambla between regularly scattered knots of police. Pickpockets, apaches, peddlers, and glistening women seen usually in alleyways filtered out among the good bourgeois families, the squads of set-faced workers, the small troops of students and young men about

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town. The crowd poured sluggishly along the Rambla like a river darkened and swelled in flood. An army of detectives appeared; pockets bulging, they attached themselves in a kind of vindictively suspicious way to promenaders chosen for curious reasons of their own, for even this amazed writer was trailed.

But nothing at all happened, anywhere in Spain. Azaña, who is Minister of War as well as Prime Minister,* said he knew nothing about a plot and that the mobilization and precaution orders had come from the Secretary of State (*Gobernación*), who in turn said that they were "preventative" measures, hinting at a sinister Anarchist-Monarchist-fascist combination, much to the indignation of the Anarchists, who said that if it came to defending the republic against Royalists or fascists they would be the first to fight, and that is probably true. Yet suspicion is directed against them, for they are frequently arrested in groups of eight, ten, or fifteen, along with Communists and, not so frequently, Royalists, for holding clandestine meetings. Ten people may not converse in a private house without official permission and unless a policeman is present, as this constitutes a clandestine meeting. To be sure, only Anarchists, Communists, Catholics, Royalists, and "fascists" are ever caught breaking this law.

Nevertheless, conditions are ripe for this spawn. Large sections of the lower middle class are beginning to shy away from the Socialists they vote for, and to dump all their wrongs into the convenient container of "Marxism." Many workers, discouraged, are ready for desperate remedies. A few bankers say boldly that unquestionably the nations of the world are on the way to dictatorships. Nuclei of students, office workers, and all sorts of poor men out of a job are beginning to cohere around the classic fascist trinity—a colored shirt, anti-Socialist nationalism, and order at any cost. One such group in Barcelona, known as the *Escamots,* is openly at war with the Anarcho-Syndicalists, helps to break strikes, and does espionage and other police work more or less surreptitiously. Furthermore, there is a strong Nazi organization of German residents in Barcelona, and some professors with Nazi views have been discovered with Nazi money, as have likewise some journalists. The Nazis publish a paper in Barcelona and either subsidize or collaborate with a satiric weekly in Madrid called *El Duende.*

There is thus some basis for Spain's obsession with fascism, but in reality its development in Germany rather than its embryo form in Spain is what feeds this dread. Spokesmen from both political extremes and from the government set the fascist alarm in all their public utterances. The extreme right, while announcing a reaction with pleasure, says that though it is surely on the way it is "too strong," and "dangerous." They want a constitutional king, not a revolutionizing dictator. And meanwhile the fear of fascism serves political purposes. A "fascist plot," which this writer finds it hard to believe existed, dissolved an imminent deadlock in the Cortes and oiled the way for two significant laws which were then hurried through, opposed only by a few outraged liberals and the single Communist deputy.

These laws, the *Ley de Orden Público* and the *Ley de Vagos y Maleantes,* are powerful double-edged weapons. The first supplants the Law of Defense of the Republic, which for all practical purposes canceled the civil liberties guaranteed in the constitution. The new law provides for three kinds of martial law, without the army. First, "state of precaution," the mildest; then "state of alarm"; and then "state of danger," the last exactly like true martial law, but in the hands of the police. "State of precaution" can be declared in case of a strike, as, for example, has just been done in Seville. The other law provides that vagrants, habitual criminals, beggars, prostitutes, people without passports or fixed residences, and people who may be considered suspicious politically, can be interned in concentration camps on the basis of hearsay, circumstantial evidence, or suspicion of any of these offenses. No evidence of actual breach of law is required. A thoroughly suspicious judge can sentence such defendants for ten years; one not so suspicious can make it two. A police record is more than proof of a dangerous character, and since practically every intellectual, every organized worker, and, in fact, every prominent government official have records as political prisoners, the possibilities of the law are really grotesque. Such measures as these, plus an elaborate espionage system, the triple police patrol, and the exercise of press censorship, give some clue to the state of nerves afflicting the government.

There are some twenty-odd political parties which dispute the balance of power and contribute to the state of nerves. Of these, eleven are represented in the Cortes and six in the Cabinet. Some stand for political programs and others represent regional or economic interests. The power is distributed as follows: The Socialists have 110 deputies. This is the strongest single block in the Cortes, a little over one-fourth. The Radicals have 90 deputies. This party, headed by Alejandro Lerroux,* an ex-Anarchist, is determined to take the premiership away from Azaña and to push the Socialists out of the government. Its membership and platform make it analogous in some ways to our Republican Party. Though a "lay" party, it defends certain religious liberties: the right of the clergy to teach, own property, and so on. Up to now the balance of power has been in the hands of the Radical Socialists and small coalitions and combinations. The Radical Socialists stand midway between the Radicals and the Socialists; hence their name is misleading. They are a lower-middle-class, anti-clerical party which wants state banking, state control of large industries, state intervention in favor of labor. Other important minorities are the *Ezquerra,* a Catalonian coalition, leftish Republican; *Orga,* a Galician party, conservative Republican, which watches mainly over Galician cattle interests; *Acción Republicana,* the Azaña party; the *Federals,* a heterogeneous party including many intellectuals and radical military, anti-Marxist and with an anarchist tinge; and the two small but powerful extreme-conservative minorities, the Agrarians and the Progressivists.

The Cortes has been directed by three coalition Cabinets, all headed by Azaña, who has managed the difficult task of keeping such a Cortes whipped up to working order. Hence his nickname—Don Perpetuo—and hence his title of the Man of the Republic. The opposition, and this includes almost all the press except *Socialista,* has concentrated on one goal—Socialists out of the Cabinet. The Anarcho-Syndicalist *Confederación Nacional de Trabajo,* which controls about a million workers and peasants and has a huge radius of influence, is at present the most formidable element in the enemy camp. This organization is intensely rebellious

* The Azaña Government fell September 8.

* Lerroux became Premier on September 8, and remained in office, with no success at forming a government, until October 3.

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and stops at nothing. It cannot forgive one clause in the new labor laws which provides for settlement of labor questions by a mixed jury composed of representatives of labor and of employers presided over by a government delegate. Only unions legally constituted, that is, authorized and recognized by the government, may be represented, and since the Anarcho-Syndicalists ignore the state, workers must either join a Socialist union or act outside the law.

Thus the right and the Anarcho-Syndicalist left coincide on anti-Socialist ground—and in demanding civil liberties and release of political prisoners—and act as millstones grinding the liberal Republican-Socialist coalition between them. Furthermore, there is considerable pressure from within the Socialist Party itself to force its representatives to abandon the Cabinet, for their collaboration in a regime by now unpopular with the lower masses is beginning to drain proletarian membership from Socialist unions.

Careful historians will judge the constitutional Cortes of the Second Spanish Republic by its positive contributions. Spain judges it now by what it has not done, and what it has not done forms a long blacklist, overwhelmingly longer than the record to its credit. Spaniards of all shades of political opinion, including Royalists who could not forgive Alfonso for betraying the constitution, voted for the Republic. So now nearly every citizen has a slightly bad taste in his mouth when he says "republic," and though unquestionably the great majority would still fight, if need be, to support it against a restoration, this same great mass is irritably, and even a little belligerently, seeking new roads to follow toward the Utopia the republic was to have been.

[*This is the second of a series of articles on the Spanish Revolution. The third will be published in an early issue.*]

In the Driftway

THE recent hurricanes along the Atlantic coast brought some strange sea birds to us as visitors, blown far away from their usual habitations by overpowering winds of prolonged duration. The most remarkable of all the visitors reported was an albatross, picked up in a battered condition at Ithaca, New York, by a professor in Cornell University. This bird must have been blown a good many thousand miles from home, for the albatross seems not to like our northern part of the world. Normally none are found over the Atlantic Ocean this side of the Equator. A couple of the smaller kinds of albatross frequent the North Pacific, but all the larger-sized birds live over the great lonely seas which encircle the globe below the Cape of Good Hope and the Horn.

* * * * *

FROM his days at sea the Drifter remembers the albatross as a splendid bird, generally a mottled gray and white, but sometimes of an almost unsullied snow color. It is of tremendous size, often measuring fifteen or more feet from one wing tip to the other. Its weight often runs to twenty-five pounds. The albatross is the most tireless flier of the bird kingdom. It breeds on lonely ocean rocks far from the paths of men, and it is to be seen flying singly or in groups hundreds of miles from land over the most desolate and remote oceans. There is a superstition among sailors, touched on in Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," that to kill an albatross brings bad luck. Just the same, the albatross was sometimes caught in the old sailing-ship days by sailors who baited a fishhook with a piece of red flannel and a chunk of salt pork, paying it out from the stern of the vessel on a long line. The albatross swooped down from on high, hooked itself as it attempted to gulp down the bait, and was then readily hauled aboard the ship. The flesh, of course, was too rank to eat, but the feathers and bones were used for making scrimshaw—ornamental articles which the old-time shellback used to love to fashion in the dog watches. The Drifter never caught an albatross, but he used to admire them as they floated and volplaned above his ship. He wondered if they ever rested; he speculated when and where they slept. He recalls the albatross as the most majestic creature of the air, rivaling even General Johnson's Blue Eagle.

* * * * *

THE Drifter wrote last week about the designation of the new organizations in Washington by initial. When it comes to names of persons, he thinks initials, especially middle ones, are a nuisance. People are always getting them wrong and they are of only slight use for the purpose of better identification. One would better call oneself either John Jones Smith or just John Smith rather than John J. Smith. But it is not easy to get rid of an initial, once one has given it bed and board for a number of years. A good while ago the Drifter got tired of seeing his name written John W. or John H. instead of John G. Drifter. So he decided to drop the "G." But the "G" keeps bobbing up like a poor relation. As a gesture of emphasis the Drifter took to signing his name for a while as John No-G Drifter. He was driven to abandon this device when some of his alleged friends abbreviated it to John N. G. Drifter. There is a deep, dark mystery, so the Drifter understands, in the middle initial of the name of the fusion candidate for Mayor of New York, Fiorello H. LaGuardia. As there is no letter "h" in the Italian language, many persons have wondered what the initial could stand for, but Mr. LaGuardia refuses to tell.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Sir Edward Grey

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just read in *The Nation* for September 20 Mr. Villard's article on Sir Edward Grey, the general purport of which I entirely approve. There is no doubt that Grey was made use of by the French from 1905 to 1914, and as a result found himself in a bad hole in August, 1914. It is equally obvious that his statements to the House in reply to queries about England's obligations to France were disingenuous. But I still think you fail to bring out the point on which Grey justified himself. It is this. All the conversations between Grey and Cambon and the written statement prepared in 1912 were based on a supposition. The supposition was that *if* France and Germany found themselves at war, and *if* in that case Great Britain *should* come to the aid of France, then Great Britain could not give France the most effective support unless the military and

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naval experts had beforehand agreed on the way in which this support could best be given. Thus, for example, Haldane's very efficient preparations for the sending of a British force to Belgium were not undertaken as the result of an agreement that Great Britain *would* support France in a war against Germany, but were undertaken in order that support might be most effective *in case* Great Britain *should* decide to give it.

So far as I know, neither Grey nor any other member of the British Cabinet ever signed any agreement or gave any verbal promise to support France in a war with Germany. In a strict legal sense, or in the sense of an international treaty obligation, Great Britain was not r ally bound to support France. But there is a little joker in the pack. The naval experts decided that the most effective use of the two navies would be realized if the French navy took over the protection of both British and French interests in the Mediterranean, while the British navy took over the protection of both British and French interests in the North Sea. Now as a matter of fact the two navies w re so disposed just before the war broke out that when France found herself at war with Germany her north coast was unguarded against the German navy except by the British fleet. Did this create an obligation? Grey evidently thought so, and the Cabinet apparently agreed with him, since the Cabinet promised France on August 2 (at any rate before the British were at war with Germany) that if the Germans attacked the French coast the British navy would resist them. This was before Parliament had declared war. This promise was sufficient, if carried out, to involve Great Britain in a war with Germany whatever Parliament did. The whole business reminds me of scholastic discussions tending to prove that God is three in one, or the Jesuit casuistry of the seventeenth century designed to enable confessors to absolve the best people from sins whatever their intentions were.

I believe that Grey was never shrewd enough to know quite where his acts were leading him. It was his muddleheadedness, rather than any deliberate purpose, that got him into the hole he was in in 1914.

Ithaca, N. Y., October 16 CARL BECKER

The Suppressed Advertisement

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Nation, *sans peur et sans reproche,* hurls a bomb at the New York *Times,* dubbed by Mr. Villard "that cowardly and compromising sheet." "Unless the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* recede from their position of unique and flagrant suppression, *The Nation* will publish (without pay) Mr. Untermyer's advertisement, together with the accompanying correspondence between him and Mr. Straus." Sure enough the advertisement is printed in *The Nation* (we presume without pay), but we look in vain for the accompanying correspondence.

Instead we find the Macy viewpoint well set forth, first, by a letter written by Mr. Straus to a complaining customer, then by the reproduction of the Macy advertisement, and, finally, by an ex parte statement of Mr. Straus's nearly a column in length.

But not one word in rebuttal from Mr. Untermyer.

As a face-saving article surely the attorney (with pay) of R. H. Macy could not have done better. The bomb turns out to be a dud.

New York, October 20 HENRY L. TAYLOR

[*The Nation* has already offered its columns to Mr. Untermyer for any rebuttal or further statement he desires to make. The correspondence between him and Mr. Straus was not printed because the contentions of both were fairly contained in the material that was published. *The Nation* feels that this material furnishes its readers ample opportunity to judge the merits of the controversy, but does not necessarily dispose of the issue if other facts or circumstances arise to illumine it.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

LaGuardia and the New Deal

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In New York's present three-cornered mayoralty campaign the heart of the matter is that McKee and his followers don't want the New Deal at home—preferring to admire it from afar. For Washington it is all right, but don't let LaGuardia get in, for then the New Deal might mean something in New York City. LaGuardia really believes there is a lot in the New Deal. He does not resist change. While McKee is talking about "good government"—the old stuff which at least never fooled a realistic Tammany, or anyone else close to the voters—by which he means a good business government, satisfactory to the bankers and the real-estaters, LaGuardia, with the imagination necessary to this period if our civilization is to endure, is considering those basic human services a city should supply to its citizens. The move for McKee and against LaGuardia is led by those who fear the kind of New Deal that Washington does not fear. The follower of Roosevelt in those things that really matter is LaGuardia.

For what the New Deal proposes to do—whether it can accomplish it or not, history will tell—is to raise the standard of living, provide a more equitable distribution of goods, and secure those social and economic changes which are necessary not only to human happiness but also for the preservation of our social order. The social planning and cooperative effort involved in working out policies of education, recreation, relief, and public health, including decent rehousing of the great mass of our people, must indeed be based on the thrifty policies that a business-like and efficient city government will adopt, but the accent ought to be: Business for New York, and not, New York for business.

New York, October 15 MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH

Dean Holmes and the Nazis

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of October 4 Richard Neuberger, in an article called The New Germany, quotes a press report purporting to give my views on the Nazi regime in Germany, and in particular on the persecution of the Jews as a policy of the Hitler government. It was entirely natural for *The Nation* to refer to the report in question, since I had not immediately denied it and since *The Nation* had no reason to suppose that it did not correctly represent my views. Will you give me, however, the opportunity to present to your readers my actual opinions on this matter by printing the following statement, which I sent on September 26 to the Rabbi Joseph S. Shubow?

> Partly by my own error and partly by accident, I find myself in a position in which I owe it to the Jewish people, and in particular to my own Jewish friends, to make quite clear the views I hold on the persecution of Jews under the Hitler regime in Germany. I have been represented as condoning it, at least by implication. On the contrary, I condemn it completely. The evidence is convincing that what has occurred and what is now occurring in Germany involves racial discrimination and persecution impossible either to condone or to put aside as a merely regrettable incident in a program of national re-

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generation. My personal opinions as to the general character of the Nazi regime merit no particular attention; but since I have been inadvertently drawn into this controversy, I feel that I ought at least to put myself unequivocally on the side of those who oppose the present German policy toward the Jews. The whole policy is wrong. Many of the incidents reported must be regarded with abhorrence. No one can wonder that the Jews of this country have been aroused to the fiercest and most determined opposition to the Nazis. Under these circumstances it seems to me noteworthy that among the letters written to me in connection with my alleged interview on Hitlerism every letter that I received from a person of the Jewish faith was courteous, reasonable, and fair.

Cambridge, Mass., October 13 HENRY W. HOLMES

Insurance and Banking

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

James P. Sullivan, whose article Can Life Insurance Be Made Safe? appeared in *The Nation* for September 20, complains of the "cloak of mystery with which the insurance companies have succeeded in surrounding the mechanics of their operations." That it is a mystery to Mr. Sullivan, although you describe him as an independent insurance actuary, is clear from the stress he lays on the heinousness of the insurance companies being "demand bankers." He states that 60 per cent of a first premium is paid in as a savings deposit to build up the cash value of the policy. Except in the case of endowment policies, no part of a premium is for savings.

It is clear that if the premium covered only the actual cost of the insurance for any given year, it would have to be increased in each succeeding year to cover the greater hazard due to increasing age. In order to avoid this yearly increase in premium, the excess is averaged over a number of years and a level premium arrived at. Should the assured at any time decide that he no longer wants the protection, he is entitled to receive this excess of premium which he has paid and also the reserve value of the policy which the company has built up in expectation of the ultimate death loss. This is no more "savings" than is the refund given to a housewife who returns a purchased article to a department store.

The author's suggestion "that every policy-holder should be given an 'asset-participation certificate' for the amount of the cash value of his policy, so that he can sell it and get some cash if he so desires *without losing his life insurance*" (italics mine), is nonsense. Under these circumstances how could death losses be paid?

During the early days of the bank holiday the insurance companies carried the entire banking load of the country. And even after restrictions were put into effect, in many cases pay rolls were financed and general living expenses paid by the cash values of insurance policies. If this be demand banking—make the most of it.

To rail at insurance companies because they are bankers is beside the mark. When a fund for future disbursement has to be accumulated by periodic payments, these payments must be invested—that is banking. When a policy-holder can on demand receive that part of the face of his policy already accumulated—that is demand banking. Life insurance and banking are inseparable.

Instead of taking the insurance companies out of banking, the solution is to put the bankers into insurance, as is done in Massachusetts by the mutual savings banks, whose system was so ably described by William L. Grossman in *The Nation* for September 27.

New York, September 25 HENRY L. PEREZ

Finance

The Bountiful Barons of Wall Street

IT is a fine thing to be a big shot on Wall Street. The opportunities for self-enrichment are quite unusual. Charles E. Mitchell, in the days before the Senate investigation, furnished a good illustration of what a bright young man can do when he keeps his fingers tightly on his stockholders' money. Mr. Mitchell's reward was about $3,000,000 in bonuses during 1927, 1928, and 1929 and, when bonuses were out of order, an increase in annual salary in 1931 from $100,000 to $200,000. But Mitchell's cleverness in making the most of his advantages was quite overshadowed in resourcefulness and breadth of vision, if not in the total amount of reward, by the activities of his rival big shot on Wall Street, Albert H. Wiggin of the Chase Bank.

Mr. Wiggin was just as zealous as Mr. Mitchell in arranging to have his efforts generously rewarded by his stockholders. Let the record speak for his talents in this regard. Wiggin need doff his cap to none of the chiselers of Wall Street for having extracted $1,100,000 in salaries and bonuses from the Chase Bank between 1929 and 1932, a period in which the bank's chief problem was to extricate itself from the various imbroglios of Wiggin's own contriving.

When the naive outsider is confronted by the dazzling proportions of Mr. Wiggin's remuneration, his impulse is to demand: "What services were rendered in return for so much of the Chase stockholders' money?" Well, Mr. Wiggin was certainly an active banker. He involved the bank in loans and "investments" which so far have cost its stockholders the sum of $212,000,000. As the public representative of the bank, he figured prominently in the Wall Street campaign for restoration of prosperity through wage reductions—at a time when his own salary was being progressively increased from $175,000 in 1929 to $218,000 in 1930 and to $250,000 in 1931. On numerous occasions he used the prestige and influence of his office as stepping-stones to handsome outside profits. He engaged millions of his stockholders' money in gigantic pool operations in Chase Bank stock, pools in which he himself shared in the profits and in which, on one occasion, the choicest prizes were reserved for himself while the Chase's affiliate modestly contented itself with the more meager pickings. To the last ditch he preserved his arrogance in loudly defending the reckless banking and stock-selling practices which had filled his own pockets so generously.

If any outsider in general or the Chase stockholder in particular stubbornly remains a bit dubious of the value of these services in relation to Wiggin's salary, at least the Chase directors did not share such skepticism. It was true that Wiggin's genius as a banking executive had involved the bank as chief sufferer in the disastrous collapse of the Fox Film Corporation and of the General Theaters Equipment Company. It was also true that he had tangled the bank in the German bond situation and that, when his resignation as chairman was "regretfully" accepted in January, 1933, his policies had become so discredited that his successor, Winthrop W. Aldrich, was obliged at once to repudiate them publicly. But the Chase board did not allow its vision of the true worth of Mr. Wiggin to be obscured by these details. Indeed, it voted him a life pension of $100,000 a year as a "discharge in some measure of the obligations of the bank to him." It pays to be a big shot in Wall Street.

After Wiggin's testimony before the Senate, there is no

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longer an excuse for ignorance on how the magic wand of Wall Street waves away all the standards of business ethics which would be considered fundamental in humbler walks of life. Those who heretofore have been unversed in this wizardry of the financial world might wonder why it was that Wiggin, in return for all his salaries and bonuses, should not have respected his position as custodian of more than two billion dollars of public funds by avoiding any relationships which might cast doubt on his impartial devotion to the bank's interests. But to Wiggin a multiplicity of interests was all part of the racket, and a lucrative part. Largely if not completely because of his position at the head of the Chase, he found the way open to him to sit on the boards of forty outside corporations. From nine of these he received at various times an aggregate salary of $83,000 a year. Moreover, some of the offshoots of these relationships would require considerable explaining if Wall Street's ethics were not what they are. As chairman of the Chase, Wiggin was responsible for a personal loan of $3,331,000 to Archibald Robertson Graustein, president of the International Paper Company. This company was a borrower from the Chase, and Chase Securities marketed its securities, at the same time paying Wiggin $2,000 a year to sit on its board. In 1930 and 1931 these loans to Graustein were charged off, according to a statement by Ferdinand Pecora which Wiggin was unable to contradict. Again, Wiggin was similarly responsible for a loan of $4,758,000 to Gerhard M. Dahl, chairman of the Brooklyn Manhattan Transit Company, consummated at a time when Wiggin was receiving $20,000 a year from the B. M. T. On October 1, 1932, this loan was secured by collateral appraised at only $1,178,000, while the balance due was $3,176,000. Wiggin admitted that the loan was used by Dahl to buy B. M. T. stock but did not reveal what connection, if any, it had with the notorious operations in B. M. T. common early in 1932.

But outside directorships by no means exhausted Wiggin's repertoire of sideline profits. As big shot de luxe, he was a predestined target for the financing favors of J. P. Morgan and Company. His name figured on all the lists of "select" buyers from Morgan's which were exposed last May; he was shown to have made purchases at a cost, in the aggregate, some $300,000 to $400,000 below the prevailing market prices. He was also on the preferred list of Kuhn, Loeb and Company and participated in their inside syndicate operations to the extent of $1,200,000 in bonds and 9,000 shares of various stocks. This was how Wiggin kept himself detached from the influence of the House on the Corner and of "Doctor" Kuhn, Loeb.

Wiggin's testimony provides the final explanation for the hollow sound behind all Wall Street's protestations of self-reform. He has revealed once and for all how connivance among the great financiers and their callous disregard of the most ordinary obligations of office will always sacrifice the interests of the public unless some outside authority intervenes. The revelations of the past year or so have clearly shown what happens to the investing public when one man exploits them for his own profit. But when the big shots start exchanging favors, the public is left completely in the cold. These favors never come from the pockets of Wall Street. Instead, they are always at the public's expense; if this were not so there would be no room for mutual favors in the Wall Street philosophy.

Let Wiggin himself say the final word on these practices. When he was being examined before the Senate on the methods of jacking up salaries for Chase Bank officers, the following exchange occurred:

Mr. Pecora: "You helped to fix their's and they helped to fix your's?"

Mr. Wiggin: "Yes, we all sat together."

The little game in which they "all sat together" playing with other people's money was "freeze out."

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Contributors to This Issue

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
will speak on
"How Shall We Meet the Hitler Propaganda?"

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Books, Films, Drama

Sorcery

By RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG

This luminous air is pierced with silver gulls,
And all the tumbled granite breathes out heat;
Blue evening coolness modifies each beat
Of the great sea-heart and lambent color pulls
To the outer edge and trickles over—no one
Is near, the world slips back an aeon or two,
And presently the moon rides into view
Drenching with quick light each staring stone.
A still sorcery penetrates the air—
Like the ridged back of a dinosaur, the sea
Rolls under the golden wash, enormously—
Reaching almost our feet frozen there.

Darkness Descends Over Europe

The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe Today. By G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THE energy of Mr. and Mrs. Cole is hardly less remarkable than their ability. It is not too much to say that they are an educational movement in themselves. Here are 600 pages, admirably produced, full of accurate and readable matter, at less than the price of a stall for the Ziegfeld Follies. The intelligent man who has the choice between these alternatives will really not hesitate long if he *is* an intelligent man.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole could hardly have done their work better. They have sketched the historical background of the forces at work; they have painted a detailed picture of the situation in each country of Europe; they have described the international institutions by which, in 1919, Europe sought to assure itself the prospect of orderly progress; and they have then sought to measure the impact of the ideologies in conflict. The book is really suited to the general reader who wants a synoptic view of the whole; while even the specialist will find it worth while to consider the views of two immensely able people who have sought, with what objectivity is humanly possible, to paint the picture as it really is. I know no better elementary guide to these problems. The more widely it is read, the more hope there is of a sane solution to them.

The result cannot fail to be deeply disturbing to anyone who is inclined to take an optimistic view of affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Cole are, I think, right in insisting that there is no reason not to expect a temporary recovery of capitalism; but I believe them to be wholly right in their insistence that no one has any basis for discovering the foundations of permanent recovery. Torn by national and economic conflicts, unable to be wholly capitalist or wholly socialist, with democracy in peril, with fascism producing an atmosphere of insecurity and panic, one has the sense, in surveying Europe, of watching the end of a phase in the history of civilization. Those who seek to govern in terms of the nationalism of the past have no power to evoke acceptance of the values they seek to maintain; while those who, like Hitler, have built their appeal on irrationalism, inevitably evoke that kind of hostility which, by all experience, is bound sooner or later to mean revolutionary conflict. Reading Mr. and Mrs. Cole's pages in London, with the Disarmament Conference moving rapidly to dissolution, with economic nationalism even more bitter than a year ago, with the progressive forces unable to unite for a clear lead, I do not see how, within the next decade, we shall be able to avoid a repetition of the catastrophe of 1914. That, in its turn, will mean an epoch of revolution, now Fascist, now Communist, in direction; and this presages, I believe, a kind of dark age in which it will be impossible to maintain unimpaired the heritage of civilization.

I find myself wondering, as I survey that gloomy prospect, whether in America also a similar tale is to be told. If the Roosevelt experiment breaks down, it is certain that America will lack altogether that common agreement upon ends which is the basis of effective social progress; and I should expect to see it enter upon an iron age of industrial feudalism, resentment against which would make certain the rapid growth of a strong Communist party. It is a sad reflection upon the helplessness of reason that men should be blind to any situation save their own; yet anyone who reads the utterances of Mr. Roosevelt's enemies can draw no other conclusion. The *Herald Tribune,* for instance, is still unable to see that the forces which produced the crisis of 1933 are inherent in the present character of American capitalism, and that its recurrence can only be prevented by their excision. It still thinks of "Americanism" as synonymous with the methods that produced Mr. Mellon and the bank smashes, the feudalism of the coal fields, the autocracy of Mr. Ford and the textile owners. American capitalists seem no more willing to surrender their anti-social power of domination than do their European prototypes. As in a Greek tragedy, they condemn themselves to the same relentless fate.

Yet if they would seek to penetrate the meaning of Mr. and Mrs. Cole's survey they would read what will inevitably happen to themselves. They cannot answer the Marxian indictment of their society except by radical reform of its foundations. Their opportunity for such reform is infinitely greater than in Europe. The will to experiment is greater, tradition is less benumbing, internal antagonisms are far less strong. They stand, I think, still at the parting of the ways; their analogues in Europe are already on the highroad to self-destruction. If men like Mr. Lamont and Mr. Lippmann would reflect for a moment on the fact that their position is terribly akin to that of Louis XVI in 1789, they might alter the perspective of the American adventure; and having helped to save it by their energy, they might do something toward saving Europe by their example.

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Philosophy of a Biologist

The Universe and Life. By H. S. Jennings. Yale University Press. $1.50.

THE present volume by a great biologist and masterly expositor is based upon the lectures which he delivered at Yale University under the auspices of the Terry Foundation. The general subject assigned was "Religion in the Light of Science and Philosophy," and it is not often that an individual cooperating in such an enterprise fulfils so satisfactorily or so precisely as Professor Jennings does here the promise of his title. It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine how anyone could, in four times the space, present a more precise or illuminating discussion of the larger implications of a biologist's researches.

It had, perhaps, best be said in the beginning that Professor Jennings does not find in his own department any reason to fall in with the tendency exhibited by so many physicists to see a renewed prospect for "the reconciliation between science and religion." Biology possesses no purely logical instrument analogous to mathematics, and possibly for that reason Professor Jennings finds no reason to suppose that its students can hope to

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arrive by a priori means at any complete formulation of biological principles comparable to that which Einstein believes the physicist may achieve through the exercise of pure reason. His science remains merely a generalization from experiences necessarily very incomplete, and it can predict no phenomena except those which lie very close to the field of such experiences. Even if God be defined—and it is a brilliant definition—as a preexisting path along which living forms are developing, there is still no reason to believe in his (or its) existence:

> The progress of life is not the kind that would be anticipated if life were following a certain existing pattern. . . . Every indication that might be sought of a guidance of life toward a preexisting goal is lacking. . . . We find no reason to doubt that life is traveling a new course, the final goal of which does not now exist, the end of which is not now predictable. Life that is upon a new adventure, life that is moving in directions not laid out beforehand, life that is transforming into what did not before exist, life that is rising to heights not before reached—this is the vision that biology presents to our eyes.

Incidentally, and as one might anticipate, Professor Jennings sees no reason whatsoever for supposing that the life or consciousness of the individual persists in any form after death, but such specific judgments are less interesting than his general effort to show what light biology can throw on the crucial problems raised by the philosophical consideration of science. In general his method is brilliantly to redefine the problem itself in terms which furnish his particular science with an approach, and his consideration of determinism versus indeterminism may serve as a typical example. Here, of course, the physicists are hopelessly divided, with Einstein insisting that the behavior of the universe is not only determined but probably completely predictable by mathematical means, while many of his more romantic confreres insist that there exists an indeterminate element which is either random or even, perhaps, on the lap of God. To Professor Jennings the problem can have a meaning only if stated as the question whether the universe of the past behaved in such a way as to render predictable its subsequent development, or whether a knowledge of its present behavior is sufficient to indicate what its future will be. And to these questions he is ready to answer with a firm "No." Life is not predictable; it is probably not possibly or potentially so; and in that sense the universe as a whole is not determined, whether or not the behavior of a lifeless atom is.

Possibly the distinction between living and non-living matter is as artificial as the simpler mechanists would maintain. Perhaps the atoms of aboriginal matter bore always within themselves the potentiality which enabled them to pass through the intermediate stages of enzyme and bacteriophage. But we have to account for more than merely life as exhibited by the irritability of protoplasm. We have direct experience of the phenomena of conscience, of will, and of judgment. Nor is it possible to dispose of them by neglect as the behaviorists attempt to do, since the hypothesis that they may be treated as mere epiphenomena without true significance in the chain of events is not only a pure hypothesis but one which fails to justify itself by simplifying our account of our experience. The behavior of the lower animals can be most easily described in terms of reflexes, but any account of the behavior of man is enormously complicated by any attempt to do the same thing, and science—here Professor Jennings acknowledges his debt to Karl Pearson—is essentially an effort to organize experience in conceptual terms. In that effort the conceptions of consciousness and will are convenient.

What the biologist sees in the record of the past is, then, first, the emergence of one unexpected thing—namely, life; next, the emergence of another unexpected thing—consciousness; and then, finally, the emergence of a third unexpected thing—purposeful, consciously directed will. By no possible stretch of the imagination can all these things be conceived of as predictable from any experimental knowledge of the behavior of the primordial atom, and, in view of that unpredictability, it would be very rash indeed to suppose that the future history of life is predictable in the sense that the physicists hope to be able to make predictable the future history of the particles of matter composing the universe in so far as that history falls within the field of physics. Life is part of an adventure whose course has not been, and is not now, either predictable by the biologist or even fixed beforehand by its own nature—whether you call such a hypothetical preexisting pattern God or not.

Few books will be more rewarding than Professor Jennings's to both the layman interested in following the various sciences in their effort to obtain an intelligible picture of the universe and the student of the philosophy of science. Nor is it without interest to note that the author's sympathies (unlike those of the elder Haldane, whom he does not mention) are rather with the older than with the most recent tendencies. Pure mechanism he dismisses, not as something which has been outlived, but rather—and here again referring to Pearson—as something which never had any meaning as formulated by its more naive proponents. Nevertheless, he makes haste very slowly indeed in the more or less mystical directions taken by some of his fellows. Behind his argument lies the contention of Peirce that a problem becomes meaningful only when posed in a form which makes clear what would be the sum total of consequences following from alternate solutions. And in the light of that contention he concludes that the future of life is something concerning which neither logic nor faith can demonstrate anything—except that it will probably be surprising.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Book of Adolf Hitler: A Diluted Version

My Battle. By Adolf Hitler. Abridged and Translated by E. T. S. Dugdale. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

THE storm of protest with which Americans greeted the announcement by the Houghton Mifflin Company of an English version of Adolf Hitler's "Mein Kampf" seemed to me as ridiculous as it was shortsighted. The author of this book is the master of Germany's political life and an important factor in contemporary world affairs. The American public is entitled to an insight into a book of which a million copies have been sold in Germany alone, especially since its contents have been recently reaffirmed by the author in a speech before his party functionaries as the expression of the party's principles. But E. T. S. Dugdale's version of Hitler's book which lies before me does not fulfil this purpose. His work of reducing the approximately 205,000 words of the original to 75,000 words of excellently written and interesting matter has undoubtedly earned him the gratitude of the German Chancellor and his followers. To his American readers he presents a man who bears only a vague resemblance to the one originally portrayed in the autobiography. Mr. Dugdale quite obviously went at his job with the intention of presenting this confused politician and long-winded sermonizer to his American readers in the most favorable light, without laying himself open to the charge of having falsified the original, and he has admirably accomplished what he set out to do. With the exception of the occasional weakening of an epithet deemed too vigorous for American consumption, he has given us a faithful translation of about one-third of the original volume. The significance of his work lies in the material left out rather than in that so painstakingly

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transcribed. The German original of "My Battle," the first part of which was written in prison, is a fearful mixture of clear-sighted opinion on European affairs, evidently culled from the many books the author read during this period, and long, fantastic tirades expressing Hitler's own ill-digested theories on social and political problems. The English version has reduced the tirades to a minimum, leaving what to the reader appears to be the work of a deep student of European affairs, somewhat abrupt in its transitions and sketchy as to material perhaps, but a readable and on the whole intelligent presentation of the National Socialist point of view, which will astonish him for the fidelity with which it forecasts what has since occurred in Hitler's Germany. I admit that it is difficult to translate the bombastic emptiness of Hitler's rolling Germanic periods. No other language can be used as effectively as the German to conceal the intellectual limitations of the writer. In no other tongue is it so easy for the demagogue to acquire a vocabulary of ponderous phrases signifying nothing. But the underlying purpose of the translator is too obvious, his desire to conceal the petty human weaknesses of Hitler the man by cutting out his long soliloquies, to make his philosophy more acceptable to the unprejudiced reader by eliminating the crudities of its anti-Semitism and the worst of its jingoistic pro-war aggressiveness, is too patent, to make "My Battle" anything but a wilful misrepresentation of Hitler's "masterpiece."

It would be impossible to register here all these intentional and distorting omissions. We must be content to call attention to a few important examples: the references to America are carefully edited; the Protocol of the Wise Men of Zion, to which Hitler gave pages of vituperation, is barely mentioned; whole sections devoted by the author to proving that a conspiracy of the world's Jewry is at the bottom of Germany's ills have been tactfully restricted to an occasional sentence and paragraph when they appeared to the translator too outspoken, too foolish, or too vicious to present to his non-German readers; from the chapters dealing with foreign and international affairs those paragraphs which too stridently emphasize the imperialist pro-war attitude of the German dictator have been carefully blue-penciled. The book had to be shortened for the American market. But the partisanship of these reductions justifies every protest that may be made against its publication as an authentic presentation of the German book.

The biographical material contained in this volume is more or less familiar to Americans from the articles and books describing Hitler and his regime which have appeared in this country. His birthplace on the Austro-German border, his early inability to cooperate with his fellow-students, his intensely self-centered nature, his insistence on an artistic career, his disdain for the trade-unionist and the Socialist, his preoccupation with the Jewish question and with the Austrian racial problem, his intense nationalism, all presented with an eye to their effectiveness in the light of his subsequent activity as a political agitator, are interesting as a key to the man he has since become. In portraying his army experiences in this autobiography he significantly makes no reference to the heroic deeds that have been attributed to the *Führer* by his followers. He had been a nobody; now he was a soldier. He received the Iron Cross of the First Class, was twice wounded, and was invalided at the end of the war from the effects of gas poisoning. In the hospital he first heard of the revolution.

His subsequent political activity and the rise and growth of the National Socialist Party are dealt with in great detail. But all of this is less important than the authentic presentation, by Hitler himself, of his plans for developing a Greater Germany at the expense of France, Poland, and Bolshevist Russia.

> We must be absolutely clear on the fact that France is the permanent and inexorable enemy of the German nation; the key to her foreign policy will always be her desire to possess the Rhine frontier, and to secure that river for herself by keeping Germany broken up . . . [page 266].
>
> It is only in France that there is intimate agreement between the intentions of the stock exchange, as represented by the Jews, and the desires of that nation's statesmen, who are chauvinistic by nature. This identity constitutes an immense danger to Germany, and it is the reason why France is by far the most terrible enemy of Germany [page 268].
>
> When we talk of new lands in Europe, we are bound to think first of Russia and her border states. Fate itself seems to give us our direction . . . [page 281].
>
> We must not forget that they [the present-day rulers of Russia] are low blood-stained criminals, that it means dealing with the scum of humanity, and that, favored by circumstances in a tragic hour, they overran a great state and in a fury of massacre wiped out millions of their most intelligent fellow-countrymen, and now for ten years they have been conducting the most tyrannous regime of all time. We must not forget that those rulers belong to a nation which combines a rare mixture of bestial cruelty and vast skill in lies, and considers itself specially called now to gather the whole world under its bloody oppression. We must not forget that the international Jew, who continues to dominate over Russia, does not regard Germany as an ally, but as a state destined to undergo a similar fate [page 284].

The German text expresses Hitler's plans for territorial expansion in words less equivocal. On page 757 he says (reviewer's translation):

> No orientation westward or orientation eastward must be the tenor of our foreign policies in the future, but an Eastern policy that strives to achieve new homeland for our people. . . . That Power is our natural ally which, with us, resents as intolerable the domination of the French on the continent. No effort to unite with such a Power should be too great, no sacrifice too heavy, if it will help us finally to overthrow the enemy that pursues us so relentlessly with its hatred.

"My Battle" is a weak, perfumed distillation of "Mein Kampf." But even its carefully censored pages should convince the thoughtful reader that the suppression of the working masses, the destruction of modern culture, the aggressive imperialism of the Dritte Reich, and its virulent hatred of the Jew are not incidental to a social upheaval that is to bring about a National Socialist state. They are the essence of National Socialism.

LUDWIG LORE

The Next Horizon

The Death of a World. Volume IV of *The Soul Enchanted.* By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by Amalie de Alberti. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

ROMAIN ROLLAND has always been concerned with the inner life of the individual, with the soul's salvation in a very materialistic world. But he has seen and represented that inner life as reflecting the world of social forces. He is a great mystic and as great a naturalist. And in this last volume of "The Soul Enchanted" he fuses these attitudes toward life.

"The Soul Enchanted" might have been a significant study of individualistic womanhood; Annette might have stood beside Jean Christophe. But Jean's world was pre-war. The progress of Jean's soul was toward strongly intellectual and spiritually pure living in a fairly fixed if totally unidealistic world. Annette's world shortly became the war chaos, and then Rolland turned denouncer and frenzied pacifist prophet. He was exiled from France. In the third volume, "Mother and Son,"

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the author gave up the emphasis on the individual life, lost his perspective, and Annette's character was submerged in Rolland's violent protests against war. His mysticism destroyed his sense of actuality. He lost contact, temporarily, with humanity. It was probably necessary for his own growth that he should do so, but the great naturalistic novelist was lost. In "The Death of a World," however, he has found himself. He is wiser, older, more bitter, but he is again able to look directly at his world.

The book opens with the signing of the Armistice. The outside world is given over to a kind of sadistic frenzy in which love and hate are mingled. Annette, now forty-five, remains detached. Her son Marc, however, goes into what must be the beginnings of his manhood or his destruction. He and all his young schoolmates have as yet no foothold in a disillusioning and uncertain peace. They have no jobs and they have no philosophies. Badly taught during a time of war, they have no respect either for life or for death. They are aware of their own nakedness and yet have no past with which to clothe themselves. Each must rely on his own integrity. If the individual soul is not strong, it can find no support outside itself. But Marc has inherited some of Annette's strength of character—not all of it, to be sure, but something. And Annette knows that the time has come when her son must make his way alone. She trusts his inheritance and acknowledges his weaknesses. She understands that the vitality and inner peace of her middle years separate her from him. He is blown upon by every wind. She, though in desperate material circumstances, is spiritually more secure than ever before. She leaves him to make her own living; with little help he must make his. So, finally, the novelist indicates what wise and modern motherhood must allow for. The gap between two generations at this time was wider than ever before. The older had no wisdom for the younger. Annette, aware of this, gives over her son to those social forces that must mold or break him.

Marc is left in post-war Paris. His boyhood friends, one by one, take their violent or feeble ways. Their idealism embitters or emboldens them. And the novelist, through the eyes of the twenty-year-old Marc, analyzes and judges the French people as they fall back too easily into their materialism, their false patriotism, their scavenger-like greed. The scene is full of artificial bustle, nothing is being accomplished toward lasting peace or human certainty. The novelist draws his characters with precision, but without rancor. Marc, earning a precarious living, is not unsmirched. But he has strength enough to flee from the self-indulgent Aunt Sylvie and the mesh of luxury and sensuousness she casts round him. Annette, meantime, hating the world with more wisdom than her son, has become the secretary of a newspaper magnate, Timon, whose tremendous uncouth power she turns toward a direct attack on the very commercial powers supporting him. The chapters devoted to the character of Timon as it is altered by Annette's relentless but finer will are magnificent. The novelist's subtle analysis of the interplay of these two passionate wills, of these completely unembarrassed minds, the man's stronger but less disciplined, the woman's of lesser scope, but clearer and completely disciplined, is unforgettable. But it is Marc's book, and it is Marc who, in the end, faces toward communism and Russia. Annette gives her son gladly to Assia, a most extraordinary character, a Russian noblewoman who, after deep anguish, has accepted the new idealism of her country.

Occasionally, even in this last volume, Rolland is too violent. But for the most part he is able to keep his theme, his hatred of capitalism, rightly within the minds of his characters. And what beautifully and precisely drawn characters they are! Greatest of them all is Annette. Her son must in such times be weaker than his mother, but he is not unworthy of his part. His "soul enchanted" is to move, crippled perhaps, toward the next horizon

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for the individual—that horizon which will be visible only when society has again achieved a moral order. Rolland, in this book, is at one and the same time the great modern truth-speaker and the master novelist.

EDA LOU WALTON

Aristocrat's Return

First to Go Back. By Irina Skariatina. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.75.

IT must be said at once that this is a very interesting book, in spite of the fact that it is an extremely superficial one. It could hardly be otherwise, considering the short time the author had at her disposal in which to cover the new Russia. Nevertheless, her story gives us a fresh view of the transformation of Russia into a proletarian state, and she is certainly to be congratulated on the impartiality of her judgments of the new conditions which prevail today in her fatherland. She is completely free of the bitterness exhibited by so many Russian émigrés. She has recognized that historical events cannot be arrested in their course, and that when certain things which one has believed to be immortal perish and crumble into dust, it is useless to hope that they can come to life again. Irina Skariatina is a philosopher in that respect; she knows how to shrug her shoulders and say *Nitchevo* with all the superb arrogance and indifference that in former days characterized the Russian aristocracy.

Her descriptions of her wanderings in the former haunts of royalty, amid the splendors of the Petrograd and Moscow museums, are remarkably well done and exceedingly entertaining, although one could wish that she had not included so many remembrances of the grandeur of her own family. But perhaps one could hardly have expected a more impersonal book, and one can understand the depth of the author's emotions as she came once more face to face with places and things which had been a part of her former brilliant life.

What I like best in these impressions—for one can hardly call them anything else—are the descriptions of this former aristocrat's journey through the transformed country, of the Caucasus and the Ukraine, and the additions made to her remarks by her husband, Victor F. Blakeslee, in which bewilderment is mingled with a true American sense of humor.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL

The Indian's Tragedy

Broken Arrow. By Robert Gessner. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

MR. GESSNER has dedicated his book to "the many white friends of the Indian who have fought to protect him from their own civilization." The novel seems to indicate, however, that for the most part they have fought in vain.

Levi Horse-Afraid, a seventeen-year-old Sioux boy who had spent his life in the Bad Lands of South Dakota, had "an intuitive knowledge that if he was not to perish he must become like the dominant whites. Through his boyhood eyes he had seen defeat long enough." So he tried to learn the ways of the white man. The white world offered him the chance to perform in fake rodeos and Indian "ceremonies," and the chance to ride his beloved buckskin in "fixed" horse races. When, in heartbreak and disillusion, he made his escape back to the stark privation of the Bad Lands, it sent officers of the law after him and brought him back to the prison-like government school, to regulation and drill and humiliation and the crowded, suffocating dormitories. Lily Hernandoz, the half-breed girl he loved, also wanted to "live like white people, somewhere away from the reservation," but when their love affair was discovered the school expelled them both for "immoral sedition." Once more Levi Horse-Afraid made his way back to the Bad Lands. His mother had sobbed when they took him away, "Your school is bad! Our children come back in boxes!" Levi came back alive—to die of galloping tuberculosis. He came back a stranger to the Indian tent—neither an Indian nor a white man—and wandered away from it to find the only peace he could in death. "He was hatless and empty-handed as he tottered westward toward the sunset. Now he was among the brave old warriors. Like them he would die. Like his great grandfather, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, he would sleep in an unmarked grave."

Despite his indignant sympathy with the Indians, Mr. Gessner has told his story objectively and also, perhaps inevitably, somewhat externally. He records events in the life of Levi and of other Indians and half-breeds without conveying any deep understanding of their thoughts and feelings about their experiences. We understand in a way, of course, what they suffer from want and frustration and lost liberty, but we are given no intimate or individual revelation. The nearest we come to it is a poignant realization of the numb bewilderment in which Levi gropes his way through the white school world, but we never seem to penetrate beyond the numbness and bewilderment. Perhaps this is because the core of the Indian's tragedy lies in his detribalization and this tragedy is difficult to convey in terms of individual lives; or perhaps it is only because the Indian's secret self still eludes even his most sympathetic white friends.

MARTHA GRUENING

China in Revolt

Chinese Destinies: Sketches of Present-Day China. By Agnes Smedley. The Vanguard Press. $3.

AS engrossing as the best of fiction, as easily read as the most popular newspaper, yet as profoundly serious as the most learned sociological treatise, this book paints a picture of contemporary China that no intelligent person, irrespective of race or nationality, can afford to ignore. It is not merely a book for experts or for those who have a special interest in China. The inhuman conditions and the struggles against them which the book so vividly sets forth and the socio-economic and political problems involved are of fundamental and universal importance and should have a wide appeal.

In short sketches, the drama of the social struggle now in process in China is unfolded. There sits the German business man across a dinner table who openly and shamelessly speaks of the Chinese coolie as "half human." In a wealthy Chinese home where rebellious peasants are privately imprisoned and executed, the well-educated daughter-in-law of the host formally and politely tells the authoress and her friends that the Chinese are "by nature a race inferior to the foreigners." A bandit (not Communist) proudly explains that "the only difference between our bandits and the government generals is that we have not yet got enough guns or enough money," and reveals that the government supplies the bandits with bullets to fight the Red Army and promises them that if they kill the reds they shall have "all the *hsien* [districts] and all the taxes in West Fukien." A Chinese military officer engaged in the "red suppression campaign" tells the authoress frankly, "Many of our higher officers now say that the only way for us to exterminate the reds is to kill the last man, woman, and child in Kiangsi. We would have to surround villages and territories and drop poison gas bombs on them. Yes, of course, that would mean killing over twenty million people. . . ."

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Heroic life stories of Communist martyrs such as Shan-Fei and the five graduates of the National University of Peking contrast with the lives of the "living dead," samples from the waste heap of the revolution, and the pitiful and impotent Kewi-Chu, a weak petty-bourgeois intellectual ensnared in his own emotions. In the Revolt of the Hunan Miners, A Red Army, The Demonstration, and The Fall of Shangpo, powerful social dramas are recorded with a skill and authenticity that are truly remarkable. Of course, the stories cannot be true in the photographic sense. They are sometimes fictionalized. Yet they are fundamentally true, as true to life as the work of a good portrait painter.

This book reveals the powers as well as the potentialities of revolutionary literature. Writers who complain of the lack of significant material have only themselves to blame. Miss Smedley surveys the Chinese scene from the point of view of the oppressed classes whose subjective interest is in harmony with the objective process in history—the rising rebellion and reconstitution of society by the toiling masses. She understands and successfully records one of the world's great social struggles in process. This is the reason why to Miss Smedley China is a source of invaluable and inexhaustible literary treasure, while to numerous other equally talented writers it is nothing more than a storehouse of antique furniture.

CH'AO-TING CHI

Shorter Notices

Wonder Hero. By J. B. Priestley. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Mr. Priestley suffers from the gentle touch, a serious malady endemic among English novelists. Its symptoms are innocent enough, and its effects are never fatal in the sense of leading to complications which might threaten to cut short an author's literary career. Quite the contrary. It is laxative in its action, inducing writing that is easy, regular, and generally undisturbing. But once it gets into the system it is incurable, and though a man may turn out his novel a year as if nothing had happened, it is well-nigh impossible for anything stark or tragic or beautiful to thrive in the boneless whimsicality of his prose. "Wonder Hero" concerns itself with a humble English worker who by the caprice of the long arm of coincidence and of a great London daily is turned into a seven-day newspaper wonder overnight. The plight of the poor fellow in the meshes of the publicity mill makes a plot that is an ideal vehicle for Mr. Priestley's brand of fancy.

The Avatars. A Futurist Fantasy. By Æ (George Russell). The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Æ, the Irish poet and mystic, has been much troubled of late by the encroachment of science and industrialism upon his vision of perfection. Modern men and modern thought are self-destructive; they build perfect mechanisms which destroy the human spirit. "The Avatars," which Æ calls a futurist fantasy, projects a kind of spiritual Utopia. A certain few of the chosen in spirit come together and learn how the deities may again take human form. These seers are, of course, pantheists of Æ's particular variety. In nature they behold the symbols of all joy and all peace. In the high mountains they meet with the gods. Here they see the spiritual mating of a girl who might have been a princess with a boy who is a glorified peasant. One and all have strange dreams and visions. These mortals learn how to throw off the garments of fact and enter into the inner mind which is attuned to the hidden significance of all physical nature. But there is no use attempting to follow Æ's logic. There is no logic in this type of personal

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mysticism. It is better to read "The Avatars" as a study of a particular type of poetic mind. The descriptions of the scenery are very beautiful. The characters are all symbols of the creative intelligence. No one not Irish could have written the tale—the Irish mind senses no borderline between reality and dream. And only Æ could have written this fantasy, the setting and the action of which are in the clouds of inner contemplation.

Strange Victory. By Sara Teasdale. The Macmillan Company. $1.

Sara Teasdale's particular genius has already been defined. No other American poet has her ability to write the song. Her lyrics are simple in imagery, singable, direct in expressing the poignant emotion. With a limited vocabulary and a very small group of objects for reference (stars, night, hills, seas, birds—all used in the universal and almost never in the exactly defined sense) she projects her personal vision, and at once makes it true for all readers. Miss Teasdale's last book indicates clearly that she knew death was coming. It is a clear portrayal of her thoughts and feelings about her last lonely years. Without denying her personal defeat she affirms her inevitable spiritual victory. There is a strange and humble bravery in her last poems.

> And I have taken thought to leave behind me
> Nothing to feel the long on-coming frost.

But there is also the purely human regret:

> Now without sorrow and without elation
> I can lay down my body, nor deplore
> How little, with her insufficient ration,
> Life has to feed us—but these hands, must they
> Go in the same blank, ignominious way,
> And fold upon themselves, at last, no more?

Miss Teasdale wrote, always, out of the wisdom of the heart. In one or two of her later books she attempted to write of the world around her, but she was unsuccessful. This last volume is a return to her first conviction, that the only words worth saying are those that all sensitive people feel, words that describe moments of beauty and moments of pain and the fusion of such moments in a brief conviction that life, whatever it may bring, is valuable.

Films

René Clair: Transition

TO those few who have not yet made the acquaintance of René Clair through one or another of his four pictures already shown in this country, "Quatorze Juillet" (Little Carnegie) will certainly provide one of the most satisfying experiences they have ever received from the cinema. Here is wit that does not depend on words or word-play but on the hilarious use of means peculiar to the screen medium, namely, images of sight and sound. Its epigrams, that is to say, reach the mind, not indirectly through the medium of word symbols, but directly through a projection of the things themselves that are being satirized. By tracing the vicissitudes of a single silk hat, for example, Clair cay *say* as much as a Marivaux or a Bourdet in a dialogue of several lines or even in a whole scene. For here also is intelligence—that faculty so universally denied the screen by its detractors—and intelligence of a more refined order than is common in any field of literature or drama at the present time. This is something quite different, it may be said, from the vague interest in ideas or philosophies which currently passes for great intelligence in artists. It is the intelligence of the artist turned toward mastering and refining his own medium that is most striking in René Clair's work. It is to be recognized not only in his brilliantly ironic montage (Clair is a master of the "contrast" type of montage) but in the unerring way in which he manages the *duration* of his effects. To follow a Clair film after an average American or Russian product is like being whirled through Paris in one of the frantic taxicabs that have made that city famous. His rhythms are so rapid and subtle that no relaxation of mind or physical attention is possible. An example from the new picture would be the scene in which the estranged lovers are instantly united by their simultaneous response to the bad playing of the orchestra. A smile suffices for what might have taken much dialogue. Such rapidity of movement need not always be a virtue, but in Clair's films it is indispensable to the mood and illusion. One moment's slowing down and the whole machine of fantasy would cease operating.

This fantasy world which we are not allowed time to scrutinize closely leads us to that other quality of Clair's work which is so often admired and which is usually described as its sophisticated charm. The charm unquestionably consists in the delicate softness of contour with which he endows his idealized Parisian *quartier*—the roof tops, squares, and even people, who become generalized into something like timeless abstractions. In France there has always existed this strange contradiction between the tradition of *clarté,* the celebrated Latin tradition of keeping the edges of things hard and clean, and the tradition which has believed in blurring them as much as possible for the sake of what Verlaine called the *nuance*. Intellectually, in so far as he is a comic satirist, Clair belongs to the first tradition, which is the tradition of Molière; but in so far as he is also a pictorial artist his kinship is much closer with the tradition whose contemporary representatives in painting are Raoul Dufy and Marie Laurencin. The fusion in his comedies of these two traditions is probably what makes people think of them as being at once both sophisticated and charming. But it is precisely this difficulty of making a fast enough adjustment between his cynicism and his tenderness—as in the sequence of the poor forsaken flower girl who rescues the millionaire count during one of his more manic exploits—which is responsible for the ambiguity of mood that is becoming increasingly harder to tolerate in Clair's work. For it is now necessary to report that, despite its many technical excellences, his new picture will be found considerably disappointing by those who have been following his development from the beginning.

Alone among Clair's films, "Quatorze Juillet" is without form or organization. It has a story, to be sure, but such a simple story of young love, underworld adventure, and the rest that to retell it would be to make its simplicity seem like simple-mindedness. In "Le Million" Clair offered us farce, pure farce, and it would have been absurd to demand of it anything more than the most superficial sort of amusement. In his next picture, "A Nous la Liberté," Clair revealed a consciousness, if not of a social point of view, at least of the necessity of a more crystallized social point of view that he had yet expressed. If it were not for this picture, in which the farce had deepened into satire, although a satire whose object and method were still uncertain and diffused, we should probably not have expected so much from the picture that has followed it. The question is not nearly so simple as to be a question whether or not Clair *ought,* in any general sense, to adopt a particular social or political point of view in his future work. It is a question of whether or not he can continue to extract any further satirical interest, except of the feeblest sort, out of the antics of such characters as the crazy millionaire in "Quatorze Juillet." The insanities of the post-war world in which Clair developed now strike us as being more disgusting than amusing: Dada is dead, long live Dada! When Clair himself discovers this to be a fact, he is going to realize that his intelligence and his art are being wasted in a

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very old-fashioned sort of game. Nor is it likely that he will be able to satisfy anyone, even himself, by returning to the tenderly sentimental genre study with which he began and to which he returns in his latest film. He cannot turn back after having given evidence of so much ambitiousness. "Quatorze Juillet" can only mark a transition point in the development of the one French director who has shown a distinct talent for development. In his next film, which should be more important, the third stage in that development will have to be announced or his work will cease to be interesting.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

A Joyous Revival

THEATER GUILD revivals have not always been happy, but "The School for Husbands" (Empire Theater) is pure delight—an adaptation made with such wit and performed with such verve that the spectator may not only be disposed to forgive any sins of the past but find himself actually falling in love with that theater of art and artifice from which the original was drawn.

Molière generally resists with distressing success any effort to translate him, and "L'Ecole des Maris" is not even one of his better-known plays. Put any of his verse into the heavy-footed prose of the pedant, and little remains except that substratum of now platitudinous *bon sens* which the compact phraseology and the neat rhyming of the original lifts into epigram. But to translate him with the verve exhibited in this rendering by Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner is to rediscover in English much of the quality which made him unique, to capture again the flavor of an essentially grave spirit obliquely illuminated by the steady light of a comic wisdom which the gaiety of the lines steadily reflects. Molière's verse has all the sententiousness of the classical Alexandrine, but it is clipped just enough to become tripping rather than stately, and is therefore the perfect vehicle for the expression of a temperament to which the dictates of moderation and decorum presented themselves not as part of the pompous official philosophy of a solemn court but as the good-humored common sense of the citizen. That graceful gravity, that lightness of touch which remains, nevertheless, the very reverse of frivolity, *is* Molière and is, also, the thing which the present version succeeds so often in preserving. Add the charming performance of June Walker as the resolute but essentially respectable and therefore very Molièresque minx; add also the almost inspired performance of Osgood Perkins as the saturnine Sganarelle, and you have both a thoroughly delightful evening and something more besides. To Mr. Perkins, indeed, goes a very large share of credit, for he manages to suggest the three things necessary for the full understanding of the character he is portraying: his Sganarelle is sinister, also ridiculous, and, finally, touched with that pathos inherent in the spectacle of any aging man who reaches out hopelessly toward one of those young girls for whom he cannot help feeling desire.

Having said this much I should like to go further and take mild issue with those of my fellow-critics who enjoyed the performance but are inclined to feel that they were able to do so only because all those concerned in it were merely, they think, making merry with the text of a boresome old play, as dull and as outdated as "The Streets of New York." It is true, to be sure, that the adaptation is very free in spots, and that it is decked out with a number of delightful songs set to old French music but not actually belonging to the play. It is true,

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□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

AH, WILDERNESS. Guild Theater. Delightful sentimental comedy of Youth, written by Eugene O'Neill, although it doesn't seem to have been.

AS THOUSANDS CHEER. Music Box. Hard-hitting musical satire of current events, with Clifton Webb, Helen Broderick, and Leslie Adams. Best thing of its kind.

CHAMPAGNE, SEC. Morosco Theater. Lively and charming operetta based on "Die Fledermaus."

DOUBLE DOOR. Ritz Theater. An exciting melodrama obviously suggested by the Wendell case.

KEEPER OF THE KEYS. Fulton Theater. To be reviewed next week.

LET 'EM EAT CAKE. Imperial Theater. To be reviewed later.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Extraordinary production of an extraordinary play.

PUSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Entertaining comedy about bundling and other lighter sides of life in old New England.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theatre. To be reviewed later.

still further, that the ballet introduced into the second act is taken from a different piece, and true even—a more serious admission—that the lines are sometimes given a turn distinctly more flippant than the author ever intended they should have. But for all this I insist that, taken as a whole, the performance is not only vastly entertaining but, in very large measure, entertaining in the same way and for the very same reasons that Molière's plays were entertaining to his audience. Many of them were, though this one was not, ballet divertissements. However realistic he may have been in spirit, he was not realistic in form, and the artificialities which a modern audience is sometimes inclined to regard as charming naivetes are not naive at all, but, on the contrary, perfectly deliberate.

We have paid a heavy price for the realistic tradition of our theater. In exchange we have got some modern plays with a kind of power which those of no previous theater ever had. But part of the price has been the growth of a sheer inability to accept artifice when artifice is called for, a blindness to the meaning of either the fanciful or the formalized, and a stupid determination to interpret them as merely the gaucheries of an imperfect realism. Yet the truth of the matter is, of course, that one might make a very good case for the contention that literal verisimilitude has never been worth the effort to attain it, that—to take a simple example—a soliloquy directed straight at the audience is a more economical device for conveying a bit of necessary information than any of the cumbersome means since devised for achieving the same purpose while preserving our precious but quite inessential verisimilitude. That, however, is by no means all. A play like "The School for Husbands" has a delightful neatness of pattern and a soul-satisfying finish of utterance quite impossible for any writer in the realistic manner to achieve. There is one kind of pleasure to be derived from hearing people talk more or less as they actually do, but there is another and perhaps more acute pleasure in hearing them express themselves with a fulness, an eloquence, a pointedness, or a wit which is superhuman and, therefore, artificial. It is that pleasure, plus the pleasure of an action whose neat perfection is like that of Mozart's music, which makes some old plays potentially the source of a kind of delight whose very existence we have almost forgotten. It would be much if productions like the present could make us aware of it again. If a modern audience can accept without self-consciousness the frank artificiality of "The Three Little Pigs," why cannot it take Molière without condescension?

Oddly enough, the other chief event of the past week was another revival—an almost equally elaborate production of Johann Strauss's old opera "Die Fledermaus," now given the title "Champagne, Sec" (Morosco Theater). It also is marked by a deliberate artificiality which, this time, verges on burlesque, and it is almost miraculously unflagging in its flow of pleasant melody. The present production has been done with a fine sense of the values involved and should go. I enjoyed it greatly.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Next Week in *The Nation*

A German Student Speaks
By Peter Lieberknecht

Public Ownership at a Profit
By Judson King

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